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THE GIFT-LEAVES
OF
AMERICAN POETRY.



NEW YORK,

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P R E F A C E .

THIS volume includes some of the best poems of our best poets—the most beautiful illustrations of the thought and fancy and feeling of the country—the finest specimens of its literary art. It is designed as a gift book, *fragrans et perennis* in its character, suitable for every season, and for the finest intelligences—embracing instead of the ephemera usually found in gift books, such productions as have received the final approval of criticism, and have become classical. It is designed by the publisher to embellish it in a style suitable for a souvenir, so that in every respect it may receive the applause to which it is entitled by the merit of its literary contents.

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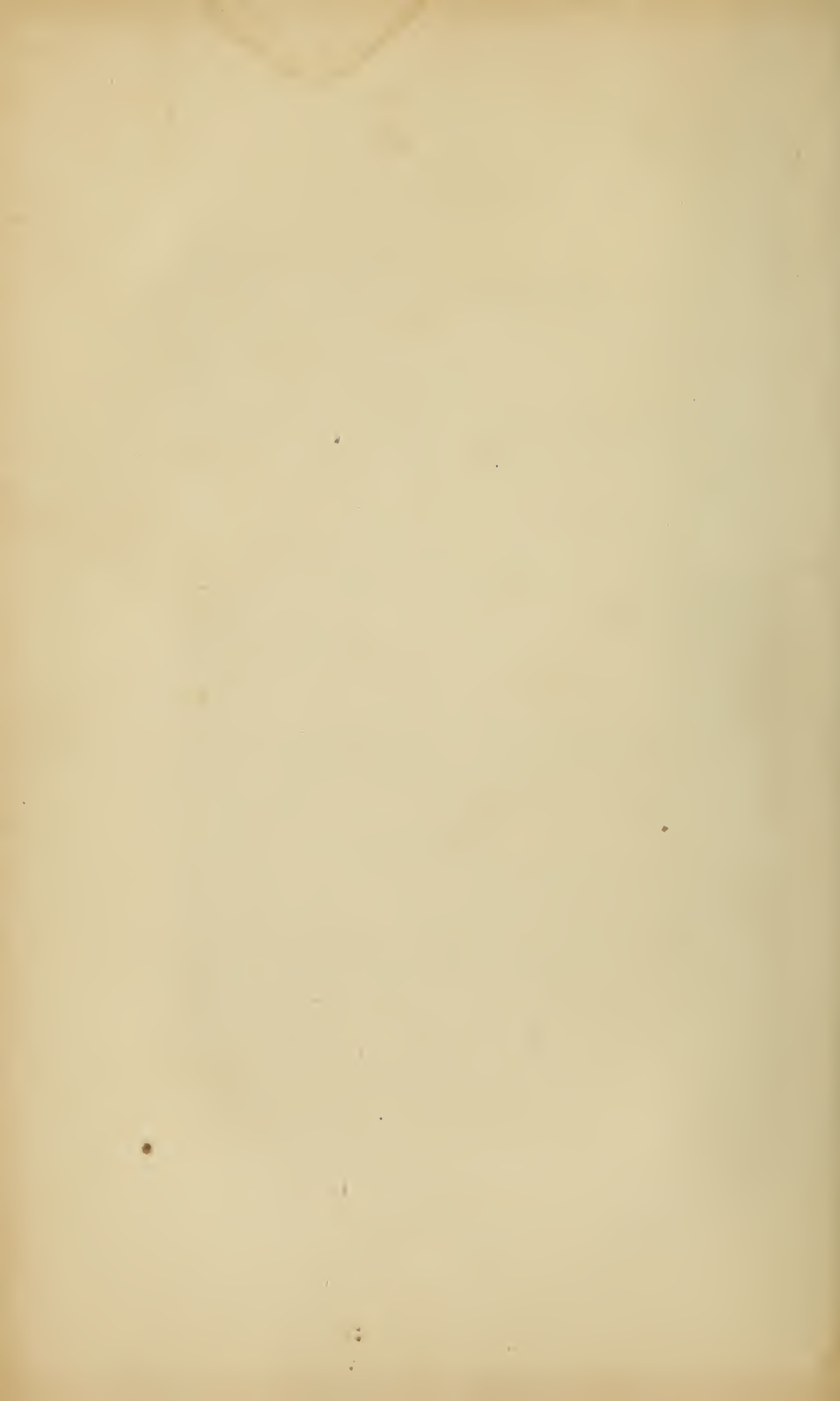
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THANATOPSIS.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

To him who, in the love of nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,

Where thy pale form is laid with many tears,
 Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
 Thy image. Earth, that nourish'd thee, shall claim
 Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
 And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
 Thine individual being, shalt thou go
 To mix for ever with the elements,—
 To be a brother to the insensible rock,
 And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
 Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
 Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
 Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
 Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
 With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
 The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
 Fair forms, and hoary seers, of ages past,
 All in one mighty sepulchre.—The hills
 Rock-ribb'd, and ancient as the sun,—the vales
 Stretching in pensive quietness between;
 The venerable woods—rivers that move
 In majesty, and the complaining brooks
 That make the meadows green; and, pour'd round all
 Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
 Are but the solemn decorations all
 Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
 The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
 Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
 Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
 The globe, are but a handful to the tribes
 That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
 Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
 Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
 Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound

Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there ;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead there reign alone.

So shalt thou rest,—and what if thou withdraw
Unheeded by the living—and no friend
Take note of thy departure ? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favourite phantom ; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man,—
Shall one by one be gather'd to thy side,
By those who, in their turn, shall follow them.

So live, that, when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustain'd and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

THE DYING INDIAN.

BY PHILIP FRENEAU.

ON yonder lake I spread the sail no more !
Vigour, and youth, and active days are past ;
Relentless demons urge me to that shore
On whose black forests all the dead are cast :
Ye solemn train, prepare the funeral song,
For I must go to shades below,
Where all is strange and all is new ;
Companion to the airy throng !

 What solitary streams,
 In dull and dreary dreams,
All melancholy, must I rove along !

To what strange lands must CHEQUI take his way !
Groves of the dead departed mortals trace ;
No deer along those gloomy forests stray,
No huntsmen there take pleasure in the chase,
But all are empty, unsubstantial shades,
That ramble through those visionary glades ;
 No spongy fruits from verdant trees depend,
 But sickly orchards there
 Do fruits as sickly bear,
And apples a consumptive visage show,
And wither'd hangs the hurtleberry blue.

Ah me ! what mischiefs on the dead attend !
Wandering a stranger to the shores below,
Where shall I brook or real fountain find ?
Lazy and sad deluding waters flow :
Such is the picture in my boding mind !

Fine tales, indeed, they tell
 Of shades and purling rills,
 Where our dead fathers dwell
 Beyond the western hills ;
 But when did ghost return his state to show,
 Or who can promise half the tale is true ?

I too must be a fleeting ghost ! no more ;
 None, none but shadows to those mansions go ;
 I leave my woods, I leave the Huron shore,
 For emptier groves below !
 Ye charming solitudes,
 Ye tall ascending woods,
 Ye glassy lakes and prattling streams,
 Whose aspect still was sweet,
 Whether the sun did greet,
 Or the pale moon embraced you with her beams—
 Adieu to all !

To all that charm'd me where I stray'd,
 The winding stream, the dark sequester'd shade ;
 Adieu all triumphs here !
 Adieu the mountain's lofty swell,
 Adieu, thou little verdant hill,
 And seas, and stars, and skies—farewell,
 For some remoter sphere !
 Perplex'd with doubts, and tortured with despair,
 Why so dejected at this hopeless sleep ?
 Nature at last these ruins may repair,
 When fate's long dream is o'er, and she forgets to weep ;
 Some real world once more may be assign'd,
 Some new-born mansion for the immortal mind !
 Farewell, sweet lake ; farewell, surrounding woods,
 To other groves, through midnight glooms, I stray,

Beyond the mountains, and beyond the floods,
 Beyond the Huron Bay!
 Prepare the hollow tomb, and place me low,
 My trusty bow and arrows by my side,
 The cheerful bottle and the venison store;
 For long the journey is that I must go,
 Without a partner and without a guide.

THE OCEAN.

BY RICHARD H. DANA.

Now stretch your eye off shore, o'er waters made
 To cleanse the air and bear the world's great trade,
 To rise, and wet the mountains near the sun,
 Then back into themselves in rivers run,
 Fulfilling mighty uses far and wide,
 Through earth, in air, or here, as ocean-tide.

Ho! how the giant heaves himself, and strains
 And flings to break his strong and viewless chains;
 Foams in his wrath; and at his prison doors,
 Hark! hear him! how he beats and tugs and roars,
 As if he would break forth again and sweep
 Each living thing within his lowest deep.

Type of the Infinite! I look away
 Over thy billows, and I cannot stay
 My thought upon a resting-place, or make
 A shore beyond my vision, where they break;
 But on my spirit stretches, till it's pain
 To think; then rests, and then puts forth again.
 Thou hold'st me by a spell; and on thy beach
 I feel all soul; and thoughts unmeasured reach

Far back beyond all date. And, O! how old
 Thou art to me! For countless years thou hast roll'd.
 Before an ear did hear thee, thou didst mourn,
 Prophet of sorrows, o'er a race unborn;
 Waiting, thou mighty minister of death,
 Lonely thy work, ere man had drawn his breath.
 At last thou didst it well! The dread command
 Came, and thou swept'st to death the breathing land;
 And then once more, unto the silent heaven
 Thy lone and melancholy voice was given.

And though the land is throng'd again, O Sea!
 Strange sadness touches all that goes with thee.
 The small bird's plaining note, the wild, sharp call,
 Share thy own spirit: it is sadness all!
 How dark and stern upon thy waves looks down
 Yonder tall cliff—he with the iron crown.
 And see! those sable pines along the steep,
 Are come to join thy requiem, gloomy deep!
 Like stoled monks they stand and chant the dirge
 Over the dead, with thy low beating surge.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
 Life is but an empty dream!
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.
 Life is real! Life is earnest!
 And the grave is not its goal;
 Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way ;
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of Life,
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
 Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
 Let the dead Past bury its dead !
 Act,—act in the living Present !
 Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time ;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate ;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labour and to wait.

SPRING IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY CARLOS WILCOX.

LONG swoln in drenching rain, seeds, germs, and buds
Start at the touch of vivifying beams.
Moved by their secret force, the vital lymph
Diffusive runs, and spreads o'er wood and field
A flood of verdure. Clothed, in one short week,
Is naked Nature in her full attire.
On the first morn, light as an open plain
Is all the woodland, fill'd with sunbeams, pour'd
Through the bare tops, on yellow leaves below,
With strong reflection: on the last, 'tis dark
With full-grown foliage, shading all within.
In one short week the orchard buds and blooms;
And now, when steep'd in dew or gentle showers
It yields the purest sweetness to the breeze,
Or all the tranquil atmosphere perfumes.
E'en from the juicy leaves of sudden growth,
And the rank grass of steaming ground, the air,
Filled with a watery glimmering, receives
A grateful smell, exhaled by warming rays.
Each day are heard, and almost every hour,
New notes to swell the music of the groves.
And soon the latest of the feather'd train
At evening twilight come; the lonely snipe,
O'er marshy fields, high in the dusky air,
Invisible, but with faint, tremulous tones,
Hovering or playing o'er the listener's head;
And, in mid-air, the sportive night-hawk, seen
Flying awhile at random, uttering oft
A cheerful cry, attended with a shake

Of level pinions, dark, but when upturn'd
Against the brightness of the western sky,
One white plume showing in the midst of each,
Then far down diving with loud hollow sound ;
And, deep at first within the distant wood,
The whip-poor-will, her name her only song.
She, soon as children from the noisy sport
Of hooping, laughing, talking with all tones,
To hear the echoes of the empty barn,
Are by her voice diverted and held mute,
Comes to the margin of the nearest grove ;
And when the twilight, deepen'd into night,
Calls them within, close to the house she comes,
And on its dark side, haply on the step
Of unfrequented door, lighting unseen,
Breaks into strains articulate and clear,
The closing sometimes quicken'd, as in sport.
Now, animate throughout, from morn to eve
All harmony, activity, and joy,
Is lovely Nature, as in her bless'd prime.
The robin to the garden or green yard,
Close to the door, repairs to build again
Within her wonted tree ; and at her work
Seems doubly busy for her past delay.
Along the surface of the winding stream,
Pursuing every turn, gay swallows skim,
Or round the borders of the spacious lawn
Fly in repeated circles, rising o'er
Hillock and fence with motion serpentine,
Easy and light. One snatches from the ground
A downy feather, and then upward springs,
Follow'd by others, but oft drops it soon,
In playful mood, or from too slight a hold,
When all at once dart at the falling prize.

The flippant blackbird, with light yellow crown,
Hangs fluttering in the air, and chatters thick
Till her breath fail, when, breaking off, she drops
On the next tree, and on its highest limb
Or some tall flag, and gently rocking, sits,
Her strain repeating. With sonorous notes
Of every tone, mixed in confusion sweet,
All chanted in the fulness of delight,
The forest rings : where far around enclosed
With bushy sides, and cover'd high above
With foliage thick, supported by bare trunks,
Like pillars rising to support a roof,
It seems a temple vast, the space within
Rings loud and clear with thrilling melody.
Apart, but near the choir, with voice distinct,
The merry mocking-bird together links
In one continued song their different notes,
Adding new life and sweetness to them all.
Hid under shrubs, the squirrel that in fields
Frequents the stony wall and briery fence,
Here chirps so shrill that human feet approach
Unheard till just upon him, when, with cries
Sudden and sharp, he darts to his retreat
Beneath the mossy hillock or aged tree ;
But oft a moment after reappears,
First peeping out, then starting forth at once
With a courageous air, yet in his pranks
Keeping a watchful eye, nor venturing far
Till left unheeded. In rank pastures graze,
Singly and mutely, the contented herd ;
And on the upland rough the peaceful sheep ;
Regardless of the frolic lambs, that, close
Beside them, and before their faces prone,
With many an antic leap and butting feint,

Try to provoke them to unite in sport,
Or grant a look, till tired of vain attempts ;
When, gathering in onè company apart,
All vigour and delight, away they run,
Straight to the utmost corner of the field,
The fence beside ; then, wheeling, disappear
In some small sandy pit, then rise to view ;
Or crowd together up the heap of earth
Around some upturn'd root of fallen tree,
And on its top a trembling moment stand,
Then to the distant flock at once return.
Exhilarated by the general joy,
And the fair prospect of a fruitful year,
The peasant, with light heart and nimble step,
His work pursues, as it were pastime sweet.
With many a cheering word, his willing team,
For labour fresh, he hastens to the field
Ere morning lose its coolness ; but at eve,
When loosen'd from the plough and homeward turn'd,
He follows slow and silent, stopping oft
To mark the daily growth of tender grain
And meadows of deep verdure, or to view
His scatter'd flock and herd, of their own will
Assembling for the night by various paths,
The old now freely sporting with the young,
Or labouring with uncouth attempts at sport.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

THE Pilgrim Fathers,—where are they?—

The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
As they break along the shore :
Still roll in the bay, as they roll'd that day
When the Mayflower moor'd below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The mists, that wrapp'd the Pilgrim's sleep,
Still brood upon the tide ;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale
When the heavens look'd dark, is gone ;—
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The Pilgrim exile,—sainted name !
The hill, whose icy brow
Rejoiced when he came, in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hill-side and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head ;—
But the Pilgrim,—where is he ?

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest ;
When summer's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dress'd ;
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.

The earliest ray of the golden day
 On that hallow'd spot is cast ;
 And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
 Looks kindly on that spot last.

The Pilgrim *spirit* has not fled ;
 It walks in noon's broad light ;
 And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
 With their holy stars, by night.
 It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
 And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
 Till the waves of the bay, where the Mayflower lay,
 Shall foam and freeze no more.

TO SENECA LAKE.

BY JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

ON thy fair bosom, silver lake,
 The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
 And round his breast the ripples break,
 As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream,
 The dipping paddle echoes far,
 And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
 And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,
 As blows the north-wind, heave their foam,
 And curl around the dashing oar,
 As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view
 Thy golden mirror spreading wide,
 And see the mist of mantling blue
 Float round the distant mountain's side.

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,
 A sheet of silver spreads below,
 And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
 Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
 Oh! I could ever sweep the oar,
 When early birds at morning wake,
 And evening tells us toil is o'er.

RED JACKET,

A CHIEF OF THE INDIAN TRIBES, THE TUSCARORAS.

BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

COOPER, whose name is with his country's woven,
 First in her files, her PIONEER of mind,
 A wanderer now in other climes, has proven
 His love for the young land he left behind;

And throned her in the Senate Hall of Nations,
 Robed like the deluge-rainbow, heaven-wrought,
 Magnificent as his own mind's creations,
 And beautiful as its green world of thought.

And faithful to the Act of Congress, quoted
 As law-authority—it passed nem. con.—
 He writes that we are, as ourselves have voted,
 The most enlighten'd people ever known.

That all our week is happy as a Sunday
 In Paris, full of song, and dance, and laugh :
 And that, from Orleans to the Bay of Fundy,
 There's not a bailiff nor an epitaph.

And, furthermore, in fifty years or sooner,
 We shall export our poetry and wine ;
 And our brave fleet, eight frigates and a schooner,
 Will sweep the seas from Zembla to the Line.

If he were with me, King of Tuscarora,
 Gazing as I, upon thy portrait now,
 In all its medall'd, fringed, and beaded glory,
 Its eyes' dark beauty, and its thoughtful brow—

Its brow, half martial and half diplomatic,
 Its eye, upsoaring like an eagle's wings ;
 Well might he boast that we, the Democratic,
 Outrival Europe—even in our kings.

For thou wert monarch born. Tradition's pages
 Tell not the planting of thy parent tree,
 But that the forest tribes have bent for ages,
 To thee, and to thy sires, the subject knee.

Thy name is princely, though no poet's magic
 Could make RED JACKET grace an English rhyme,
 Unless he had a genius for the tragic,
 And introduced it in a pantomime ;

Yet it is music in the language spoken
 Of thine own land ; and on her herald-roll,
 As nobly fought for, and as proud a token
 As CŒUR DE LION's, of a warrior's soul.

Thy garb—though Austria's bosom-star would frighten
That metal pale, as diamonds the dark mine,
And George the Fourth wore in the dance at Brighton
A more becoming evening dress than thine ;

Yet 'tis a brave one, scorning wind and weather,
And fitted for thy couch on field and flood,
As Rob Roy's tartans for the Highland heather,
Or forest green for England's Robin Hood.

Is strength a monarch's merit ? (like a whaler's)
Thou art as tall, as sinewy, and as strong
As earth's first kings—the Argo's gallant sailors,
Heroes in history, and gods in song.

Is eloquence ? Her spell is thine, that reaches
The heart, and makes the wisest head its sport ;
And there's one rare, strange virtue in thy speeches—
The secret of their mastery—they are short.

Is beauty ? Thine has with thy youth departed,
But the love-legends of thy manhood's years,
And she who perish'd, young and broken-hearted,
Are—but I rhyme for smiles, and not for tears.

The monarch mind—the mystery of commanding,
The godlike power, the art Napoleon,
Of winning, fettering, moulding, wielding, bending,
The hearts of millions till they move as one ;

Thou hast it. At thy bidding men have crowded
The road to death as to a festival ;
And minstrel minds, without a blush, have shrouded
With banner-folds of glory their dark pall.

Who will believe—not I—for in deceiving
Lies the dear charm of life's delightful dream ;
I cannot spare the luxury of believing
That all things beautiful are what they seem.

Who will believe that, with a smile whose blessing
Would like the patriarch's soothe a dying hour ;
With voice as low, as gentle, and caressing
As e'er won maiden's lip in moonlight bower ;

With look, like patient Job's, eschewing evil ;
With motions graceful as a bird's in air ;
Thou art in sober truth, the veriest devil
That e'er clinch'd fingers in a captive's hair ?

That in thy veins there springs a poison fountain,
Deadlier than that which bathes the Upas-tree ;
And in thy wrath, a nursing Cat o' Mountain
Is calm as her babe's sleep compared with thee ?

And underneath that face like summer's ocean's,
Its lip as moveless, and its cheek as clear,
Slumbers a whirlwind of the heart's emotions,
Love, hatred, pride, hope, sorrow—all, save fear.

Love—for thy land, as if she were thy daughter,
Her pipes in peace, her tomahawk in wars ;
Hatred—of missionaries and cold water ;
Pride—in thy rifle-trophies and thy scars ;

Hope—that thy wrongs will be by the Great Spirit
Remember'd and revenged when thou art gone ;
Sorrow—that none are left thee to inherit
Thy name, thy fame, thy passions, and thy throne.



ENGRAVED BY J. GRANTON.

THE WESTERN EMIGRANT.

DESIGNED BY P. F. RUTHERFORD.

THE WESTERN EMIGRANT.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

AN axe rang sharply mid those forest shades
Which from creation towards the skies had tower'd
In unshorn beauty. There, with vigorous arm,
Wrought a bold emigrant, and by his side
His little son, with question and response,
Beguiled the toil. "Boy, thou hast never seen
Such glorious trees. Hark, when their giant trunks
Fall, how the firm earth groans! Rememberest thou
The mighty river, on whose breast we sail'd,
So many days on towards the setting sun?
Our own Connecticut, compared to that,
Was but a creeping stream." "Father, the brook
That by our door went singing, where I launch'd
My tiny boat, with my young playmates round
When school was o'er, is dearer far to me
Than all these bold, broad waters. To my eye
They are as strangers. And those little trees
My mother nurtured in the garden bound
Of our first home, from whence the fragrant peach
Hung in its ripening gold, were fairer, sure,
Than this dark forest, shutting out the day."
"What, ho! my little girl," and with light step
A fairy creature hasted towards her sire,
And, setting down the basket that contain'd
His noon repast, look'd upward to his face
With sweet confiding smile. "See, dearest, see,
That bright-wing'd paroquet, and hear the song
Of yon gay redbird, echoing through the trees,

Making rich music. Didst thou ever hear,
In far New England, such a mellow tone?"
"I had a robin that did take the crumbs
Each night and morning, and his chirping voice
Did make me joyful as I went to tend
My snowdrops. I was always laughing then
In that first home. I should be happier now,
Methinks, if I could find among these dells
The same fresh violets." Slow night drew on,
And round the rude hut of the emigrant
The wrathful spirit of the rising storm
Spake bitter things. His weary children slept,
And he, with head declined, sat listening long
To the swoln waters of the Illinois,
Dashing against their shores. Starting, he spake:
"Wife! did I see thee brush away a tear?
'Twas even so. Thy heart was with the halls
Of thy nativity. Their sparkling lights,
Carpets, and sofas, and admiring guests,
Befit thee better than these rugged walls
Of shapeless logs, and this lone hermit home."
"No, no. All was so still around, methought
Upon mine ear that echoed hymn did steal,
Which mid the church where erst we paid our vows,
So tuneful peal'd. But tenderly thy voice
Dissolved the illusion." And the gentle smile
Lighting her brow, the fond caress that soothed
Her waking infant, reassured his soul
That, wheresoe'er our best affections dwell,
And strike a healthful root, is happiness.
Content and placid to his rest he sank:
But dreams, those wild magicians, that do play
Such pranks when reason slumbers, tireless wrought
Their will with him. Up rose the thronging mart

Of his own native city ; roof and spire,
 All glittering bright, in fancy's frost-work ray.
 The steed his boyhood nurtured proudly neigh'd ;
 The favourite dog came frisking round his feet,
 With shrill and joyous bark ; familiar doors
 Flew open ; greeting hands with his were link'd
 In friendship's grasp ; he heard the keen debate
 From congregated haunts, where mind with mind
 Doth blend and brighten ; and, till morning, roved
 Mid the loved scenery of his native land.

 A R T .

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

WHEN, from the sacred garden driven,
 Man fled before his Maker's wrath,
 An angel left her place in heaven,
 And cross'd the wanderer's sunless path.
 'Twas Art ! sweet Art ! new radiance broke
 Where her light foot flew o'er the ground,
 And thus with seraph voice she spoke :
 " The curse a blessing shall be found."

She led him through the trackless wild,
 Where noontide sunbeam never blazed ;
 The thistle shrunk, the harvest smiled,
 And Nature gladden'd as she gazed.
 Earth's thousand tribes of living things,
 At Art's command to him are given ;
 The village grows, the city springs,
 And point their spires of faith to heaven.

He rends the oak—and bids it ride,
To guard the shores its beauty graced ;
He smites the rock—upheaved in pride,
See towers of strength and domes of taste.
Earth's teeming caves their wealth reveal,
Fire bears his banner on the wave,
He bids the mortal poison heal,
And leaps triumphant o'er the grave.

He plucks the pearls that stud the deep,
Admiring beauty's lap to fill ;
He breaks the stubborn marble's sleep,
And mocks his own Creator's skill.
With thoughts that fill his glowing soul,
He bids the ore illumine the page,
And, proudly scorning Time's control,
Commerces with an unborn age.

In fields of air he writes his name,
And treads the chambers of the sky,
He reads the stars, and grasps the flame
That quivers round the throne on high.
In war renown'd, in peace sublime,
He moves in greatness and in grace ;
His power, subduing space and time,
Links realm to realm, and race to race.

TO THE URSA MAJOR.

BY HENRY WARE, JR.

WITH what a stately and majestic step
That glorious constellation of the north
Treads its eternal circle! going forth
Its princely way among the stars in slow
And silent brightness. Mighty one, all hail!
I joy to see thee on thy glowing path
Walk, like some stout and girded giant: stern,
Unwearied, resolute, whose toiling foot
Disdains to loiter on its destined way.
The other tribes forsake their midnight track,
And rest their weary orbs beneath the wave;
But thou dost never close thy burning eye,
Nor stay thy steadfast step. But on, still on,
While systems change, and suns retire, and worlds
Slumber and wake, thy ceaseless march proceeds.
The near horizon tempts to rest in vain.
Thou, faithful sentinel, dost never quit
Thy long-appointed watch; but, sleepless still,
Dost guard the fix'd light of the universe,
And bid the north for ever know its place.

Ages have witness'd thy devoted trust,
Unchanged, unchanging. When the sons of God
Sent forth that shout of joy which rang through heaven,
And echoed from the outer spheres that bound
The illimitable universe, thy voice
Join'd the high chorus; from thy radiant orbs
The glad cry sounded, swelling to His praise,
Who thus had cast another sparkling gem,

Little, but beautiful, amid the crowd
 Of splendours that enrich his firmament.
 As thou art now, so wast thou then the same.
 Ages have roll'd their course, and time grown gray ;
 The earth has gather'd to her womb again,
 And yet again, the myriads that were born
 Of her uncounted, unremember'd tribes.
 The seas have changed their beds ; the eternal hills
 Have stoop'd with age ; the solid continents
 Have left their banks ; and man's imperial works—
 The toil, pride, strength of kingdoms, which had flung
 Their haughty honours in the face of Heaven,
 As if immortal—have been swept away,
 Shatter'd and mouldering, buried and forgot.
 But time has shed no dimness on thy front,
 Nor touch'd the firmness of thy tread ; youth, strength,
 And beauty, still are thine ; as clear, as bright,
 As when the Almighty Former sent thee forth,
 Beautiful offspring of his curious skill,
 To watch earth's northern beacon, and proclaim
 The eternal chorus of eternal Love.

I wonder as I gaze. That stream of light,
 Undimm'd, unquench'd—just as I see it now—
 Has issued from those dazzling points through years
 That go back far into eternity.
 Exhaustless flood ! for ever spent, renew'd
 For ever ! Yea, and those refulgent drops,
 Which now descend upon my lifted eye,
 Left their far fountain twice three years ago.
 While those wing'd particles, whose speed outstrips
 The flight of thought, were on their way, the earth
 Compass'd its tedious circuit round and round,
 And, in the extremes of annual change, beheld
 Six autumns fade, six springs renew their bloom.

So far from earth those mighty orbs revolve !
So vast the void through which their beams descend !

Yes, glorious lamp of God ! He may have quench'd
Your ancient flames, and bid eternal night
Rest on your spheres ; and yet no tidings reach
This distant planet. Messengers still come
Laden with your far fire, and we may seem
To see your lights still burning ; while their blaze
But hides the black wreck of extinguish'd realms,
Where anarchy and darkness long have reign'd.

Yet what is this, which to the astonish'd mind
Seems measureless, and which the baffled thought
Confounds ? A span, a point, in those domains
Which the keen eye can traverse. Seven stars
Dwell in that brilliant cluster, and the sight
Embraces all at once ; yet each from each
Recedes as far as each of them from earth.
And every star from every other burns
No less remote. From the profound of heaven,
Untravell'd even in thought, keen, piercing rays
Dart through the void, revealing to the sense
Systems and worlds unnumber'd. Take the glass
And search the skies. The opening skies pour down
Upon your gaze thick showers of sparkling fire ;
Stars, crowded, throng'd, in regions so remote,
That their swift beams—the swiftest things that be—
Have travell'd centuries on their flight to earth.
Earth, sun, and nearer constellations ! what
Are ye amid this infinite extent
And multitude of God's most infinite works !

And these are suns ! vast, central, living fires,
Lords of dependent systems, kings of worlds
That wait as satellites upon their power,
And flourish in their smile. Awake, my soul,

And meditate the wonder ! Countless suns
Blaze round thee, leading forth their countless worlds !
Worlds in whose bosoms living things rejoice,
And drink the bliss of being from the fount
Of all-pervading Love. What mind can know,
What tongue can utter, all their multitudes !
Thus numberless in numberless abodes !
Known but to thee, bless'd Father ! Thine they are,
Thy children, and thy care ; and none o'erlook'd
Of thee ! No, not the humblest soul that dwells
Upon the humblest globe, which wheels its course
Amid the giant glories of the sky,
Like the mean mote that dances in the beam
Among the mirror'd lamps, which fling
Their wasteful splendour from the palace wall,
None, none escape the kindness of thy care :
All compass'd underneath thy spacious wing,
Each fed and guided by thy powerful hand.

Tell me, ye splendid orbs ! as from your throne
Ye mark the rolling provinces that own
Your sway, what beings fill those bright abodes ?
How form'd, how gifted ? what their powers, their state,
Their happiness, their wisdom ? Do they bear
The stamp of human nature ? Or has God
Peopled those purer realms with lovelier forms
And more celestial minds ? Does Innocence
Still wear her native and untainted bloom ?
Or has Sin breathed his deadly blight abroad,
And sow'd corruption in those fairy bowers ?
Has War trod o'er them with his foot of fire ?
And Slavery forged his chains ; and Wrath, and Hate,
And sordid Selfishness, and cruel Lust,
Leagued their base bands to tread out light and truth,
And scatter'd woe where Heaven had planted joy ?

Or are they yet all paradise, unfallen
 And uncorrupt ; existence one long joy,
 Without disease upon the frame, or sin
 Upon the heart, or weariness of life ;
 Hope never quench'd, and age unknown,
 And death unfear'd : while fresh and fadeless youth
 Glows in the light from God's near throne of love,

Open your lips, ye wonderful and fair !
 Speak, speak ! the mysteries of those living worlds
 Unfold ! No language ? Everlasting light
 And everlasting silence ? Yet the eye
 May read and understand. The hand of God
 Has written legibly what man may know,
THE GLORY OF THE MAKER. There it shines,
 Ineffable, unchangeable ; and man,
 Bound to the surface of this pigmy globe,
 May know and ask no more. In other days,
 When death shall give the encumber'd spirit wings,
 Its range shall be extended ; it shall roam,
 Perchance among those vast mysterious spheres,
 Shall pass from orb to orb, and dwell in each,
 Familiar with its children ; learn their laws,
 And share their state, and study and adore
 The infinite varieties of bliss
 And beauty, by the hand of Power divine
 Lavish'd on all its works. Eternity
 Shall thus roll on with ever fresh delight ;
 No pause of pleasure or improvement ; world
 On world still opening to the instructed mind
 An unexhausted universe, and time
 But adding to its glories. While the soul,
 Advancing ever to the Source of light
 And all perfection, lives, adores, and reigns
 In cloudless knowledge, purity, and bliss.

AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.

BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

ALL hail! thou noble land,
Our fathers' native soil!
Oh, stretch thy mighty hand,
Gigantic grown by toil,
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore!
For thou with magic might,
Canst reach to where the light
Of Phœbus travels bright
The world o'er!

The genius of our clime,
From his pine-embattled steep,
Shall hail the great sublime;
While the Tritons of the deep
With their conches the kindred league shall proclaim.
Then let the world combine—
O'er the main our naval line,
Like the milky way shall shine
Bright in fame.

Though ages long have pass'd
Since our fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untravell'd seas to roam,—
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins!
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame,
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains?

While the language free and bold
Which the bard of Avon sung,
In which our MILTON told,
How the vault of heaven rung,
When Satan blasted, fell with his host;
While this, with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
From rock to rock repeat
Round our coast;

While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,
Between let ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the sun:
Yet, still, from either beach,
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
"We are one!"

THE EDGE OF THE SWAMP.

BY WILLIAM G. SIMMS.

'T is a wild spot and hath a gloomy look;
The bird sings never merrily in the trees,
And the young leaves seem blighted. A rank growth
Spreads poisonously round, with power to taint,
With blistering dews, the thoughtless hand that dares
To penetrate the covert. Cypressess
Crowd on the dank, wet earth; and, stretch'd at length,
The cayman—a fit dweller in such home—
Slumbers, half buried in the sedgy grass,
Beside the green ooze where he shelters him.

A whooping crane erects his skeleton form,
And shrieks in flight. Two summer ducks, aroused
To apprehension as they hear his cry,
Dash up from the lagoon with marvellous haste,
Following his guidance. Meetly taught by these,
And startled at our rapid, near approach,
The steel-jaw'd monster, from his grassy bed,
Crawls slowly to his slimy green abode,
Which straight receives him. You behold him now,
His ridgy back uprising as he speeds
In silence to the centre of the stream,
Whence his head peers alone. A butterfly,
That, travelling all the day, has counted climes
Only by flowers, to rest himself a while,
Lights on the monster's brow. The surly mute
Straightway goes down, so suddenly, that he,
The dandy of the summer flowers and woods,
Dips his light wings and spoils his golden coat
With the rank water of that turbid pond.
Wondering and vex'd, the plumed citizen
Flies, with a hurried effort, to the shore,
Seeking his kindred flowers; but seeks in vain:
Nothing of genial growth may there be seen,
Nothing of beautiful! Wild ragged trees,
That look like felon spectres—fetid shrubs,
That taint the gloomy atmosphere—dusk shades,
That gather, half a cloud and half a fiend
In aspect, lurking on the swamp's wild edge—
Gloom with their sternness and forbidding frowns
The general prospect. The sad butterfly,
Waving his lacker'd wings, darts quickly on,
And, by his free flight, counsels us to speed
For better lodgings, and a scene more sweet
Than these drear borders offer us to-night.

SPRING.

BY NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

THE Spring is here, the delicate-footed May,
With its slight fingers full of leaves and flowers,
And with it comes a thirst to be away,
Wasting in wood-paths its voluptuous hours :
A feeling that is like a sense of wings,
Restless to soar above these perishing things.

We pass out from the city's feverish hum,
To find refreshment in the silent woods ;
And Nature, that is beautiful and dumb,
Like a cool sleep upon the pulses broods :
Yet even there a restless thought will steal,
To teach the indolent heart it still must *feel*.

Strange, that the audible stillness of the noon,
The waters tripping with their silver feet,
The turning to the light of leaves in June,
And the light whisper as their edges meet :
Strange, that they fill not, with their tranquil tone,
The spirit, walking in their midst alone.

There's no contentment in a world like this,
Save in forgetting the immortal dream ;
We may not gaze upon the stars of bliss,
That through the cloud-rifts radiantly stream ;
Bird-like, the prison'd soul *will* lift its eye,
And pine till it is hooded from the sky.

THE PAST.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

THOU unrelenting Past !
Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,
And fetters, sure and fast,
Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

Far in thy realm withdrawn
Old empires sit in sullenness and gloom,
And glorious ages gone
Lie deep within the shadow of thy womb.

Childhood, with all its mirth,
Youth, manhood, age, that draws us to the ground,
And last, man's life on earth,
Glide to thy dim dominions, and are bound.

Thou hast my better years,
Thou hast my earlier friends—the good—the kind,
Yielded to thee with tears—
The venerable form—the exalted mind.

My spirit yearns to bring
The lost one back : yearns with desire intense,
And struggles hard to wring
The bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence.

In vain : thy gates deny
All passage save to those who hence depart ;
Nor to the streaming eye
Thou giv'st them back, nor to the broken heart.

In thy abysses hide
Beauty and excellence unknown : to thee
Earth's wonder and her pride
Are gather'd, as the waters to the sea :

Labours of good to man,
Unpublish'd charity, unbroken faith :
Love that midst grief began,
And grew with years, and falter'd not in death.

Full many a mighty name
Lurks in thy depths, unutter'd, unrevered ;
With thee are silent fame,
Forgotten arts, and wisdom disappear'd.

Thine for a space are they :
Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last ;
Thy gates shall yet give way,
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past !

All that of good and fair
Has gone into thy womb from earliest time,
Shall then come forth, to wear
The glory and the beauty of its prime.

They have not perish'd—no !
Kind words, remember'd voices once so sweet,
Smiles, radiant long ago,
And features, the great soul's apparent seat,

All shall come back ; each tie
Of pure perfection shall be knit again ;
Alone shall Evil die,
And Sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

And then shall I behold
Him, by whose kind paternal side I sprung,
And her who, still and cold,
Fills the next grave—the beautiful and young.

THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

BY RUFUS DAWES.

THE Spirit of Beauty unfurls her light,
And wheels her course in a joyous flight ;
I know her track through the balmy air,
By the blossoms that cluster and whiten there ;
She leaves the tops of the mountains green,
And gems the valley with crystal sheen.

At morn, I know where she rested at night,
For the roses are gushing with dewy delight ;
Then she mounts again, and round her flings
A shower of light from her crimson wings ;
Till the spirit is drunk with the music on high,
That silently fills it with ecstasy.

At noon she hies to a cool retreat,
Where bowering elms over waters meet ;
She dimples the wave where the green leaves dip,
As it smilingly curls like a maiden's lip,
When her tremulous bosom would hide, in vain,
From her lover the hope that she loves again.

At eve she hangs o'er the western sky
Dark clouds for a glorious canopy,
And round the skirts of their deepen'd fold
She paints a border of purple and gold,
Where the lingering sunbeams love to stay,
When their god in his glory has pass'd away.

She hovers around us at twilight hour,
When her presence is felt with the deepest power ;

She silvers the landscape, and crowds the stream
 With shadows that flit like a fairy dream;
 Then wheeling her flight through the gladden'd air,
 The Spirit of Beauty is everywhere.

TO A FLYING SWAN

AT MIDNIGHT, IN THE VALE OF THE HURON.*

BY LEWIS L. NOBLE.

OH, what a still, bright night! It is the sleep
 Of beauteous Nature in her bridal hall.
 See, while the groves shadow the shining lake,
 How the full-moon does bathe their melting green!—
 I hear the dew-drop twang upon the pool.
 Hark, hark, what music! from the rampart hills,
 How like a far-off bugle, sweet and clear,
 It searches through the list'ning wilderness!—
 A Swan—I know it by the trumpet-tone:
 Winging her pathless way in the cool heavens,
 Piping her midnight melody, she comes.

Beautiful bird! upon the dusk still world
 Thou fallest like an angel—like a lone
 Sweet angel from some sphere of harmony.
 Where art thou, where?—no speck upon the blue
 My vision marks from whence thy music ranges.
 And why this hour—this voiceless hour—is thine,
 And thine alone, I cannot tell. Perchance,
 While all is hush and silent but the heart,

* The river Huron rises in the interior of Michigan, and flows into Lake Erie. Its clear waters gave it the name of its more mighty kinsman, Lake Huron.

E'en *thou* hast human sympathies for heaven,
 And singest yonder in the holy deep
 Because thou hast a pinion. If it be,
 Oh, for a wing, upon the aerial tide
 To sail with thee a minstrel mariner!

When to a rarer height thou wheelest up,
 Hast thou that awful thrill of an ascension—
 The lone, lost feeling in the vasty vault?
 Oh, for thine ear, to hear the ascending tones
 Range the ethereal chambers!—then to *feel*
 A harmony, while from the eternal depth
 Steals nought but the pure star-light evermore!
 And then to list the echoes, faint and mellow,
 Far, far below, breathe from the hollow earth,
 For thee, soft, sweet petition, to return.

And hither, haply, thou wilt shape thy neck;
 And settle, like a silvery cloud, to rest,
 If thy wild image, flaring in the abyss,
 Startle thee not aloft. Lone aeronaut,
 That catchest, on thine airy looking-out,
 Glassing the hollow darkness, many a lake,
 Lay, for the night, thy lily bosom here.
 There is the deep unsounded for thy bath,
 The shallow for the shaking of thy quills,
 The dreamy cove, or cedar-wooded isle,
 With galaxy of water-lilies, where,
 Like mild Diana 'mong the quiet stars,
 'Neath over-bending branches thou wilt move,
 Till early warblers shake the crystal shower,
 And whistling pinions warn thee to thy voyage.

But where art thou!—lost,—spirited away
 To bowers of light by thy own dying whispers?
 Or does some billow of the ocean-air,

In its still roll around from zone to zone,
All breathless to the empyrean heave thee?—

There is a panting in the zenith—hush!—
The *Swan*—how strong her great wing times the
silence!—

She passes over high and quietly.

Now peals the living clarion anew;
One vocal shower falls in and fills the vale.
What witchery in the wilderness it plays!—
Shrill snort the affrighted deer; across the lake
The loon, sole sentinel, screams loud alarm;—
The shy fox barks;—tingling in every vein
I feel the wild enchantment;—hark! they come,
The dulcet echoes from the distant hills,
Like fainter horns responsive; all the while,
From misty isles, soft-stealing symphonies.

Thou bright, swift river of the bark canoe,
Threading the prairie-ponds of Washtenung,
The day of romance wanes. Few summers more
And the long night will pass away unwaked,
Save by the house-dog, or the village bell;
And she, thy minstrel queen, her ermine dip
In lonelier waters.

Ah! thou wilt not stoop:
Old Huron, haply, glistens on thy sky.
The chasing moon-beams, glancing on thy plumes,
Reveal thee now, a little beating blot,
Into the pale Aurora fading.

There!—

Sinks gently back upon her flowery couch
The startled Night;—tinkle the damp wood-vaults
While slip the dew-pearls from her leafy curtains.
That last soft whispering note, how spirit-like!
While vainly yet mine ear another waits,
A sad, sweet longing lingers in my heart.

THE LITTLE BEACH-BIRD.

BY RICHARD H. DANA.

THOU little bird, thou dweller by the sea,
Why takest thou its melancholy voice?
And with that boding cry
O'er the waves dost thou fly?
Oh, rather, bird, with me
Through the fair land rejoice!

Thy flitting form comes ghostly dim and pale,
As driven by a beating storm at sea;
Thy cry is weak and scared,
As if thy mates had shared
The doom of us: Thy wail—
What does it bring to me?

Thou call'st along the sand, and haunt'st the surge,
Restless and sad, as if, in strange accord
With the motion and the roar
Of waves that drive to shore,
One spirit did ye urge—
The Mystery—the Word.

Of thousands, thou both sepulchre and pall,
Old Ocean, art! A requiem o'er the dead,
From out thy gloomy cells
A tale of mourning tells—
Tells of man's woe and fall,
His sinless glory fled.

Then turn thee, little bird, and take thy flight
Where the complaining sea shall sadness bring

Thy spirit never more.
 Come, quit with me the shore,
 For gladness and the light,
 Where birds of summer sing.

THE FAMILY MEETING.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

WE are all here!
 Father, Mother,
 Sister, Brother,
 All who hold each other dear.
 Each chair is fill'd—we're all *at home*:
 To-night let no cold stranger come:
 It is not often thus around
 Our old familiar hearth we're found:
 Bless, then, the meeting and the spot;
 For once be every care forgot;
 Let gentle Peace assert her power,
 And kind Affection rule the hour;
 We're all—all here.

We're *not* all here!
 Some are away—the dead ones dear,
 Who throng'd with us this ancient hearth,
 And gave the hour to guiltless mirth.
 Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,
 Look'd in and thinn'd our little band:
 Some like a night-flash pass'd away,
 And some sank, lingering, day by day;
 The quiet graveyard—some lie there—
 And cruel Ocean has his share—
 We're *not* all here.

We *are* all here !

Even they—the dead—though dead, so dear,
 Fond Memory, to her duty true,
 Brings back their faded forms to view.
 How life-like, through the mist of years,
 Each well-remember'd face appears !
 We see them, as in times long past,
 From each to each kind looks are cast ;
 We hear their words, their smiles behold,
 They're round us, as they were of old—
 We *are* all here.

We are all here !

Father, Mother,
 Sister, Brother,

You that I love with love so dear.
This may not long of us be said ;
 Soon must we join the gather'd dead ;
 And by the hearth we now sit round,
 Some other circle will be found.
 Oh ! then, that wisdom may we know,
 Which yields a life of peace below ;
 So, in the world to follow this,
 May each repeat, in words of bliss,
 We're all—all *here* !

THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

HERE are old trees, tall oaks and gnarled pines,
That stream with gray-green mosses ; here the ground
Was never touch'd by spades, and flowers spring up
Unsown, and die ungather'd. It is sweet
To linger here, among the flitting birds
And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks and winds
That shake the leaves, and scatter as they pass
A fragrance from the cedars thickly set
With pale blue berries. In these peaceful shades—
Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old—
My thoughts go up the long dim path of years,
Back to the earliest days of Liberty.

O FREEDOM! thou art not as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crown'd his slave,
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Arm'd to the teeth, art thou : one mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword ; thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarr'd
With tokens of old wars ; thy massive limbs
Are strong and struggling. Power at thee has launch'd
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee ;
They could not quench the life thou hast from Heaven.
Merciless Power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armourers, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain ; yet while he deems thee bound,
The links are shiver'd, and the prison walls
Fall outward ; terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,

And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

Thy birth-right was not given by human hands :
Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields,
While yet our race was few, thou satst with him,
To tend the quiet flock and watch the stars,
And teach the reed to utter simple airs.
Thou by his side amid the tangled wood
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,
Thine only foes : and thou with him didst draw
The earliest furrows on the mountain side,
Soft with the Deluge. Tyranny himself,
Thy enemy, although of reverend look,
Hoary with many years, and far obey'd,
Is later born than thou ; and as he meets
The grave defiance of thine elder eye,
The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of years,
But he shall fade into a feebler age ;
Feebler, yet subtler ; he shall weave his snares,
And spring them on thy careless steps, and clap
His wither'd hands, and from their ambush call
His hordes to fall upon thee. He shall send
Quaint maskers, forms of fair and gallant mien,
To catch thy gaze, and uttering graceful words
To charm thy ear ; while his slyimps by stealth,
Twine round thee threads of steel, light thread on thread
That grow to fetters ; or bind down thy arms
With chains conceal'd in chaplets. Oh ! not yet
May'st thou unbrace thy corslet, or lay by
Thy sword, nor yet, O Freedom ! close thy lids
In slumber ; for thine enemy never sleeps.
And thou must watch and combat, till the day
Of the new Earth and Heaven. But wouldst thou rest

A while from tumult and the frauds of men,
These old and friendly solitudes invite
Thy visit. They, while yet the forest trees
Were young upon the inviolated Earth,
And yet the moss-stains on the rock were new,
Beheld thy glorious childhood, and rejoiced.

THE STEAMBOAT.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

SEE how yon flaming herald treads
The ridged and rolling waves,
As, crashing o'er their crested heads,
She bows her surly slaves!
With foam before and fire behind,
She rends the clinging sea,
That flies before the roaring wind,
Beneath her hissing lee.
The morning spray, like sea-born flowers,
With heap'd and glistening bells,
Falls round her fast in ringing showers,
With every wave that swells;
And, flaming o'er the midnight deep,
In lurid fringes thrown,
The living gems of ocean sweep
Along her flashing zone.
With clashing wheel, and lifting keel,
And smoking torch on high,
When winds are loud, and billows reel,
She thunders foaming by!
When seas are silent and serene,
With even beam she glides,
The sunshine glimmering through the green
That skirts her gleaming sides.

Now, like a wild nymph, far apart
 She veils her shadowy form,
 The beating of her restless heart
 Still sounding through the storm ;
 Now answers, like a courtly dame,
 The reddening surges o'er,
 With flying scarf of spangled flame,
 The Pharos of the shore.

To-night yon pilot shall not sleep,
 Who trims his narrow'd sail ;
 To-night yon frigate scarce shall keep
 Her broad breast to the gale ;
 And many a foresail, scoop'd and strain'd,
 Shall break from yard and stay,
 Before this smoky wreath has stain'd
 The rising mist of day.

Hark ! hark ! I hear yon whistling shroud,
 I see yon quivering mast ;
 The black throat of the hunted cloud
 Is panting forth the blast !
 An hour, and, whirl'd like winnowing chaff,
 The giant surge shall fling
 His tresses o'er yon pennon-staff,
 White as the sea-bird's wing !

Yet rest, ye wanderers of the deep ;
 Nor wind nor wave shall tire
 Those fleshless arms, whose pulses leap
 With floods of living fire ;
 Sleep on—and when the morning light
 Streams o'er the shining bay,
 Oh, think of those for whom the night
 Shall never wake in day !

“PASSING AWAY.”

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

WAS it the chime of a tiny bell,
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,—
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell
That he winds on the beach, so mellow and clear,
When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,
And the moon and the fairy are watching the deep,
She dispensing her silvery light,
And he, his notes as silvery quite,
While the boatman listens and ships his oar,
To catch the music that comes from the shore?—
Hark! the notes, on my ear that play,
Are set to words:—as they float, they say,
“Passing away! passing away!”

But no! it was not a fairy's shell,
Blown on the beach so mellow and clear;
Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell,
Striking the hour, that fill'd my ear,
As I lay in my dream; yet was it a chime
That told of the flow of the stream of time.
For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,
And a plump little girl for a pendulum swung;
(As you've sometimes seen in a little ring
That hangs in his cage, a Canary bird swing;)
And she held to her bosom a budding bouquet,
And as she enjoy'd it, she seem'd to say,
“Passing away! passing away!”

Oh, how bright were the wheels that told
Of the lapse of time as they moved round slow,
And the hands as they swept o'er the dial of gold,
Seem'd to point to the girl below.

And lo! she had changed;—in a few short hours
 Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers,
 That she held in her outstretch'd hands, and flung
 This way and that, as she, dancing, swung;
 In the fulness of grace and womanly pride,
 That told me she soon was to be a bride;
 Yet then, when expecting her happiest day,
 In the same sweet voice I heard her say,
 "Passing away! passing away!"

While I gazed at that fair one's cheek, a shade
 Of thought, or care, stole softly over,
 Like that by a cloud in a summer's day made,
 Looking down on a field of blossoming clover.
 The rose yet lay on her cheek, but its flush
 Had something lost of its brilliant blush;
 And the light in her eye, and the light on the wheels,
 That march'd so calmly round above her,
 Was a little dimm'd,—as when evening steals
 Upon noon's hot face:—yet one couldn't but love her,
 For she look'd like a mother, whose first babe lay
 Rock'd on her breast, as she swung all day;—
 And she seem'd, in the same silver tone to say,
 "Passing away! passing away!"

While yet I look'd, what a change there came!
 Her eye was quench'd, and her cheek was wan;
 Stooping and staff'd was her wither'd frame,
 Yet just as busily swung she on;
 The garland beneath her had fallen to dust;
 The wheels above her were eaten with rust;
 The hands, that over the dial swept,
 Grew crooked and tarnish'd, but on they kept,

And still there came that silver tone
 From the shrivell'd lips of the toothless crone,—
 (Let me never forget till my dying day
 The tone or the burden of her lay,)—
 “Passing away! passing away!”

INDIAN NAMES.

BY MRS. LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

“How can the red men be forgotten, while so many of our states and territories, bays, lakes, and rivers, are indelibly stamped by names of their giving?”

YE say they all have pass'd away,
 That noble race and brave,
 That their light canoes have vanish'd
 From off the crested wave.
 That, mid the forests where they roam'd,
 There rings no hunter's shout;
 But their name is on your waters,
 Ye may not wash it out.

'T is where Ontario's billow
 Like ocean's surge is curl'd,
 Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
 The echo of the world,
 Where red Missouri bringeth
 Rich tribute from the west,
 And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
 On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their conelike cabins,
 That cluster'd o'er the vale,
 Have disappear'd, as wither'd leaves
 Before the autumn's gale;

But their memory liveth on your hills
 Their baptism on your shore,
 Your everlasting rivers speak
 Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it
 Within her lordly crown,
 And broad Ohio bears it
 Amid his young renown.
 Connecticut hath wreathed it
 Where her quiet foliage waves,
 And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse
 Through all her ancient caves.

Wachusett hides its lingering voice
 Within his rocky heart,
 And Alleghany graves its tone
 Throughout his lofty chart.
 Monadnock, on his forehead hoar,
 Doth seal the sacred trust,
 Your mountains build their monument,
 Though ye destroy their dust.

 A P R I L .

BY NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

I HAVE found violets. April hath come on,
 And the cool winds feel softer, and the rain
 Falls in the beaded drops of summer time.
 You may hear birds at morning, and at eve
 The tame dove lingers till the twilight falls,
 Cooing upon the eaves, and drawing in
 His beautiful bright neck, and, from the hills,

A murmur like the hoarseness of the sea
Tells the release of waters, and the earth
Sends up a pleasant smell, and the dry leaves
Are lifted by the grass ; and so I know
That Nature, with her delicate ear, hath heard
The dropping of the velvet foot of Spring.
Take of my violets ! I found them where
The liquid South stole o'er them, on a bank
That lean'd to running water. There 's to me
A daintiness about these early flowers
That touches me like poetry. They blow
With such a simple loveliness among
The common herbs of pasture, and breathe out
Their lives so unobtrusively, like hearts
Whose beatings are too gentle for the world.
I love to go in the capricious days
Of April and hunt violets ; when the rain
Is in the blue cups trembling, and they nod
So gracefully to the kisses of the wind.
It may be deem'd too idle, but the young
Read nature like the manuscript of heaven,
And call the flowers its poetry. Go out !
Ye spirits of habitual unrest,
And read it when the " fever of the world"
Hath made your hearts impatient, and, if life
Hath yet one spring unpoison'd, it will be
Like a beguiling music to its flow,
And you will no more wonder that I love
To hunt for violets in the April time.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

WHEN the hours of Day are number'd,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul that slumber'd,
To a holy, calm delight ;
Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dance upon the parlour wall ;
Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door ;
The beloved ones, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more ;
He, the young and strong, who cherish'd
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perish'd,
Weary with the march of life !
They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more !
And with them the Being beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.
With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
 With those deep and tender eyes,
 Like the stars, so still and saintlike,
 Looking downward from the skies.

Utter'd not, yet comprehended,
 Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
 Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
 Breathing from her lips of air.

Oh, though oft depress'd and lonely,
 All my fears are laid aside
 If I but remember only
 Such as these have lived and died!

 AUGUST.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

Dust on thy mantle! dust,
 Bright Summer, on thy livery of green!
 A tarnish, as of rust,
 Dims thy late-brilliant sheen:
 And thy young glories—leaf, and bud, and flower—
 Change cometh over them with every hour.

Thee hath the August sun
 Look'd on with hot, and fierce, and brassy face;
 And still and lazily run,
 Scarce whispering in their pace,
 The half-dried rivulets, that lately sent
 A shout of gladness up, as on they went.

Flame-like, the long midday,
 With not so much of sweet air as hath stirr'd
 The down upon the spray,
 Where rests the panting bird,
 Dozing away the hot and tedious noon,
 With fitful twitter, sadly out of tune.

Seeds in the sultry air,
 And gossamer web-work on the sleeping trees ;
 E'en the tall pines, that rear
 Their plumes to catch the breeze,
 The slightest breeze from the unrefreshing west,
 Partake the general languor, and deep rest.

Happy, as man may be,
 Stretch'd on his back, in homely bean-vine bower,
 While the voluptuous bee
 Robs each surrounding flower,
 And prattling childhood clambers o'er his breast,
 The husbandman enjoys his noonday rest.

Against the hazy sky
 The thin and fleecy clouds, unmoving, rest.
 Beneath them far, yet high
 In the dim, distant west,
 The vulture, scenting thence its carrion-fare,
 Sails, slowly circling in the sunny air.

Soberly, in the shade,
 Repose the patient cow, and toil-worn ox ;
 Or in the shoal stream wade,
 Shelter'd by jutting rocks :
 The fleecy flock, fly-scourged and restless, rush
 Madly from fence to fence, from bush to bush.

Tediously pass the hours,
 And vegetation wilts, with blister'd root,
 And droop the thirsting flowers,
 Where the slant sunbeams shoot :
 But of each tall, old tree, the lengthening line,
 Slow-creeping eastward, marks the day's decline.

Faster, along the plain,
 Moves now the shade, and on the meadow's edge :
 The kine are forth again,
 The bird flits in the hedge.
 Now in the molten west sinks the hot sun.
 Welcome, mild eve !—the sultry day is done.

Pleasantly comest thou,
 Dew of the evening, to the crisp'd-up grass ;
 And the curl'd corn-blades bow,
 As the light breezes pass,
 That their parch'd lips may feel thee, and expand,
 Thou sweet reviver of the fever'd land.

So, to the thirsting soul,
 Cometh the dew of the Almighty's love ;
 And the scathed heart, made whole,
 Turneth in joy above,
 To where the spirit freely may expand,
 And rove, untrammell'd, in that " better land."

TO THE PAINTED COLUMBINE.

BY JONES VERY.

BRIGHT image of the early years
When glow'd my cheek as red as thou,
And life's dark throng of cares and fears
Were swift-wing'd shadows o'er my sunny brow!

Thou blushest from the painter's page,
Robed in the mimic tints of art;
But Nature's hand in youth's green age
With fairer hues first traced thee on my heart.

The morning's blush, she made it thine,
The morn's sweet blush she gave it thee;
And in thy look, my Columbine!
Each fond-remember'd spot she bade me see.

I see the hill's far-gazing head,
Where gay thou noddest in the gale;
I hear light-bounding footsteps tread
The grassy path that winds along the vale.

I hear the voice of woodland song
Break from each bush and well-known tree,
And, on light pinions borne along,
Comes back the laugh from childhood's heart of glee.

O'er the dark rock the dashing brook,
With look of anger, leaps again,
And, hastening to each flowery nook,
Its distant voice is heard far down the glen.

Fair child of art! thy charms decay,
Touch'd by the wither'd hand of Time;
And hush'd the music of that day,
When my voice mingled with the streamlet's chime;

But on my heart thy cheek of bloom
 Shall live when Nature's smile has fled ;
 And, rich with memory's sweet perfume,
 Shall o'er her grave thy tribute incense shed.

There shalt thou live and wake the glee
 That echo'd on thy native hill ;
 And when, loved flower ! I think of thee,
 My infant feet will seem to seek thee still.

THE EARLY DEAD.

BY WILLIS G. CLARK.

If it be sad to mark the bow'd with age
 Sink in the halls of the remorseless tomb,
 Closing the changes of life's pilgrimage
 In the still darkness of the mouldering gloom :
 Oh, what a shadow o'er the heart is flung,
 When peals the requiem of the loved and young !

They to whose bosoms, like the dawn of spring
 To the unfolding bud and scented rose,
 Comes the pure freshness age can never bring,
 And fills the spirit with a rich repose,
 How shall we lay them in their final rest,
 How pile the clods upon their wasting breast ?

Life openeth brightly to their ardent gaze ;
 A glorious pomp sits on the gorgeous sky ;
 O'er the broad world hope's smile incessant plays,
 And scenes of beauty win the enchanted eye :
 How sad to break the vision, and to fold
 Each lifeless form in earth's embracing mould !

Yet this is life! To mark from day to day,
 Youth, in the freshness of its morning prime,
 Pass, like the anthem of a breeze away,
 Sinking in waves of death ere chill'd by time!
 Ere yet dark years on the warm cheek had shed
 Autumnal mildew o'er the rose-like red!

And yet what mourner, though the pensive eye
 Be dimly thoughtful in its burning tears,
 But should with rapture gaze upon the sky,
 Through whose far depths the spirit's wing careers?
There gleams eternal o'er their ways are flung,
 Who fade from earth while yet their years are young!

THE PRAIRIES.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THESE are the gardens of the desert, these
 The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
 For which the speech of England has no name—
 The Prairies. I behold them for the first,
 And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
 Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they stretch
 In airy undulations, far away,
 As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell,
 Stood still, with all his rounded billows fix'd,
 And motionless for ever. Motionless?
 No, they are all unchain'd again. The clouds
 Sweep over with their shadows, and, beneath,
 The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye;
 Dark hollows seem to glide along, and chase
 The sunny ridges. Breezes of the South!

Who toss the golden and the flame-like flowers,
 And pass the prairie-hawk, that, poised on high,
 Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not—ye have play'd
 Among the palms of Mexico and vines
 Of Texas, and have crisp'd the limpid brooks
 That from the fountains of Sonora glide
 Into the calm Pacific—have ye fann'd
 A nobler or a lovelier scene than this?
 Man hath no part in all this glorious work:
 The hand that built the firmament hath heaved
 And smooth'd these verdant swells, and sown their slopes
 With herbage, planted them with island groves,
 And hedged them round with forests. Fitting floor
 For this magnificent temple of the sky—
 With flowers whose glory and whose multitude
 Rival the constellations! The great heavens
 Seem to stoop down upon the scene in love—
 A nearer vault, and of a tenderer blue,
 Than that which bends above the eastern hills.

As o'er the verdant waste I guide my steed,
 Among the high, rank grass that sweeps his sides,
 The hollow beating of his footstep seems
 A sacrilegious sound. I think of those
 Upon whose rest he tramples. Are they here—
 The dead of other days? and did the dust
 Of these fair solitudes once stir with life
 And burn with passion? Let the mighty mounds
 That overlook the rivers, or that rise
 In the dim forest, crowded with old oaks,
 Answer. A race that long has pass'd away,
 Built them; a disciplined and populous race
 Heap'd, with long toil, the earth, while yet the Greek
 Was hewing the Pentelicus to forms
 Of symmetry, and rearing on its rock

The glittering Parthenon. These ample fields
Nourish'd their harvests, here their herds were fed,
When haply by their stalls the bison low'd,
And bow'd his maned shoulder to the yoke.
All day this desert murmur'd with their toils,
Till twilight blush'd, and lovers walk'd, and woo'd
In a forgotten language, and old tunes,
From instruments of unremember'd form,
Gave the soft winds a voice. The red man came—
The roaming hunter tribes, warlike and fierce,
And the mound-builders vanish'd from the earth.
The solitude of centuries untold
Has settled where they dwelt. The prairie-wolf
Hunts in their meadows, and his fresh-dug den
Yawns by my path. The gopher mines the ground
Where stood their swarming cities. All is gone—
All—save the piles of earth that hold their bones—
The platforms where they worshipp'd unknown gods—
The barriers which they builded from the soil
To keep the foe at bay—till o'er the walls
The wild beleaguers broke, and, one by one,
The strongholds of the plain were forced, and heap'd
With corpses. The brown vultures of the wood
Flock'd to those vast uncover'd sepulchres,
And sat, unscared and silent, at their feast.
Haply some solitary fugitive,
Lurking in marsh and forest, till the sense
Of desolation and of fear became
Bitterer than death, yielded himself to die.
Man's better nature triumph'd. Kindly words
Welcomed and sooth'd him; the rude conquerors
Seated the captive with their chiefs; he chose
A bride among their maidens, and at length
Seem'd to forget—yet ne'er forgot—the wife

Of his first love, and her sweet little ones
Butcher'd, amid their shrieks, with all his race.

Thus change the forms of being. Thus arise
Races of living things, glorious in strength,
And perish, as the quickening breath of God
Fills them, or is withdrawn. The red man, too,
Has left the blooming wilds he ranged so long,
And, nearer to the Rocky Mountains, sought
A wider hunting-ground. The beaver builds
No longer by these streams, but far away,
On waters whose blue surface ne'er gave back
The white man's face; among Missouri's springs,
And pools whose issues swell the Oregon,
He rears his little Venice. In these plains
The bison feeds no more. Twice twenty leagues
Beyond remotest smoke of hunter's camp,
Roams the majestic brute, in herds that shake
The earth with thundering steps; yet here I meet
His ancient footprints stamp'd beside the pool.

Still this great solitude is quick with life.
Myriads of insects, gaudy as the flowers
They flutter over, gentle quadrupeds,
And birds that scarce have learn'd the fear of man,
Are here, and sliding reptiles of the ground,
Startlingly beautiful. The graceful deer
Bounds to the wood at my approach. The bee,
A more adventurous colonist than man,
With whom he came across the eastern deep,
Fills the savannas with his murmurings,
And hides his sweets, as in the golden age,
Within the hollow oak. I listen long
To his domestic hum, and think I hear
The sound of that advancing multitude
Which soon shall fill the deserts. From the ground

Comes up the laugh of children, the soft voice
 Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn
 Of Sabbath worshippers. The low of herds
 Blends with the rustling of the heavy grain
 Over the dark-brown furrows. All at once
 A fresher wind sweeps by, and breaks my dream,
 And I am in the wilderness alone.

THE CORAL GROVE.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,
 Where the purple mullet and goldfish rove,
 Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
 That never are wet with falling dew,
 But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
 Far down in the green and glassy brine ;
 The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,
 And the pearl shells spangle the flinty snow ;
 From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
 Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow ;
 The water is calm and still below,
 For the winds and waves are absent there,
 And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
 In the motionless fields of upper air :
 There with its waving blade of green,
 The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
 And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
 To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter :
 There, with a light and easy motion,
 The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea ;
 And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
 Are bending like corn on the upland lea :

And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the wave his own :
And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore ;
Then far below in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and goldfish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

THE LOST HUNTER.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

NUMB'D by the piercing, freezing air,
And burden'd by his game,
The hunter, struggling with despair,
Dragg'd on his shivering frame ;
The rifle he had shoulder'd late
Was trail'd along, a weary weight ;
His pouch was void of food ;
The hours were speeding in their flight,
And soon the long, keen, winter night
Would wrap the solitude.

Oft did he stoop a listening ear,
Sweep round an anxious eye,—
No bark or axe-blow could he hear,
No human trace descry.

His sinuous path, by blazes, wound
 Among trunks group'd in myriads round ;
 Through naked boughs, between
 Whose tangled architecture, fraught
 With many a shape grotesquely wrought,
 The hemlock's spire was seen.

An antler'd dweller of the wild
 Had met his eager gaze,
 And far his wandering steps beguiled
 Within an unknown maze ;
 Stream, rock, and run-way he had cross'd,
 Unheeding, till the marks were lost
 By which he used to roam ;
 And now, deep swamp and wild ravine
 And rugged mountains were between
 The hunter and his home.

A dusky haze which slow had crept
 On high, now darken'd there,
 And a few snow-flakes fluttering swept
 Athwart the thick, gray air,
 Faster and faster, till between
 The trunks and boughs, a mottled screen
 Of glimmering motes was spread,
 That tick'd against each object round
 With gentle and continuous sound,
 Like brook o'er pebbled bed.

The laurel tufts that drooping hung
 Close roll'd around their stems,
 And the sear beech-leaves still that clung,
 Were white with powdering gems.
 But, hark ! afar a sullen moan
 Swell'd out to louder, deeper tone,
 As surging near it pass'd,

And, bursting with a roar, and shock
That made the groaning forest rock,
On rush'd the winter blast.

As o'er it whistled, shriek'd, and hiss'd,
Caught by its swooping wings,
The snow was whirl'd to eddying mist,
Barb'd, as it seem'd, with stings ;
And now 't was swept with lightning flight
Above the loftiest hemlock's height,
Like drifting smoke, and now
It hid the air with shooting clouds,
And robed the trees with circling shrouds,
Then dash'd in heaps below.

Here, plunging in a billowy wreath,
There, clinging to a limb,
The suffering hunter gasp'd for breath,
Brain reel'd, and eye grew dim ;
As though to whelm him in despair,
Rapidly changed the blackening air
To murkiest gloom of night,
Till nought was seen around, below,
But falling flakes and mantled snow,
That gleam'd in ghastly white.

At every blast an icy dart
Seem'd through his nerves to fly,
The blood was freezing to his heart—
Thought whisper'd he must die.
The thundering tempest echo'd death,
He felt it in his tighten'd breath ;
Spoil, rifle, dropp'd, and slow,
As the dread torpor crawling came
Along his staggering stiffening frame,
He sunk upon the snow.

Reason forsook her shatter'd throne,—

He deem'd that summer-hours

Again around him brightly shone

In sunshine, leaves, and flowers ;

Again the fresh, green forest-sod,

Rifle in hand, he lightly trod,—

He heard the deer's low bleat ;

Or, couch'd within the shadowy nook,

He drank the crystal of the brook

That murmur'd at his feet.

It changed ;—his cabin roof o'erspread,

Rafter, and wall, and chair,

Gleam'd in the crackling fire, that shed

Its warmth, and he was there ;

His wife had clasp'd his hand, and now

Her gentle kiss was on his brow,

His child was prattling by,

The hound crouch'd, dozing, near the blaze,

And through the pane's frost-pictured haze

He saw the white drifts fly.

That pass'd ;—before his swimming sight

Does not a figure bound,

And a soft voice, with wild delight,

Proclaim the lost is found ?

No, hunter, no ! 'tis but the streak

Of whirling snow—the tempest's shriek—

No human aid is near !

Never again that form will meet

Thy clasp'd embrace—those accents sweet

Speak music to thine ear.

Morn broke ;—away the clouds were chased

The sky was pure and bright,

And on its blue the branches traced

Their webs of glittering white.

Its ivory roof the hemlock stoop'd,
The pine its silvery tassel droop'd,
Down bent the burden'd wood,
And, scatter'd round, low points of green,
Peering above the snowy scene,
Told where the thickets stood.

In a deep hollow, drifted high,
A wave-like heap was thrown,
Dazzlingly in the sunny sky
A diamond blaze it shone ;
The little snow-bird, chirping sweet,
Dotted it o'er with tripping feet ;
Unsullied, smooth, and fair,
It seem'd, like other mounds, where trunk
And rock amid the wreaths were sunk,
But, O ! the dead was there.

Spring came with wakening breezes bland,
Soft suns and melting rains,
And, touch'd by her Ithuriel wand,
Earth bursts its winter-chains.
In a deep nook, where moss and grass
And fern-leaves wove a verdant mass,
Some scatter'd bones beside,
A mother, kneeling with her child,
Told by her tears and wailings wild
That there the lost had died.

MARCO BOZZARIS.*

BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power :
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror :
In dreams his song of triumph heard ;
Then wore his monarch's signet-ring :
Then press'd that monarch's throne—a king ;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden-bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Platæa's day ;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquer'd there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

* He fell in an attack upon the Turkish camp at Laspi, the site of the ancient Platæa, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were : " To die for liberty is a pleasure, not a pain."

An hour pass'd on—the Turk awoke ;
 That bright dream was his last ;
 He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
 “To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!”
 He woke—to die midst flame, and smoke,
 And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
 And death-shots falling thick and fast
 As lightnings from the mountain-cloud ;
 And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
 BOZZARIS cheer his band ;
 “Strike—till the last arm'd foe expires ;
 Strike—for your altars and your fires ;
 Strike—for the green graves of your sires ;
 God—and your native land !”

They fought—like brave men, long and well ;
 They piled that ground with Moslem slain ;
 They conquer'd—but BOZZARIS fell,
 Bleeding at every vein.
 His few surviving comrades saw
 His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
 And the red field was won :
 Then saw in death his eyelids close
 Calmly, as to a night's repose,
 Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death !
 Come to the mother's, when she feels,
 For the first time, her firstborn's breath ;
 Come when the blessed seals
 That close the pestilence are broke,
 And crowded cities wail its stroke ;
 Come in consumption's ghastly form,
 The earthquake-shock, the ocean-storm,
 Come when the heart beats high and warm,

With banquet-song, and dance, and wine ;
 And thou art terrible—the tear,
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier ;
 And all we know, or dream, or fear
 Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
 Has won the battle for the free,
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word ;
 And in its hollow tones are heard
 The thanks of millions yet to be.
 Come, when his task of fame is wrought—
 Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought—
 Come in her crowning hour—and then
 Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
 To him is welcome as the sight
 Of sky and stars to prison'd men :
 Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
 Of brother in a foreign land ;
 Thy summons welcome as the cry
 That told the Indian isles were nigh
 To the world-seeking Genoese,
 When the land-wind, from woods of palm,
 And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
 Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

BOZZARIS ! with the storied brave
 Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
 Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
 Even in her own proud clime.
 She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
 Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
 Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
 In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
 The heartless luxury of the tomb ;

But she remembers thee as one
 Long loved, and for a season gone ;
 For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
 Her marble wrought, her music breathed ;
 For thee she rings the birthday bells ;
 Of thee her babes' first lispings tells ;
 For thine her evening prayer is said
 At palace couch, and cottage bed ;
 Her soldier, closing with the foe,
 Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow ;
 His plighted maiden, when she fears
 For him, the joy of her young years,
 Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears :

And she, the mother of thy boys,
 Though in her eye and faded cheek
 Is read the grief she will not speak,
 The memory of her buried joys,
 And even she who gave thee birth,
 Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
 Talk of thy doom without a sigh :
 For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,
 One of the few, the immortal names,
 That were not born to die.

 THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
 The village smithy stands ;
 The smith, a mighty man is he,
 With large and sinewy hands ,
 And the muscles of his brawny arms
 Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long ;
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat ;
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing—
 Onward through life he goes :
 Each morning sees some task begin,
 Each evening sees it close ;
 Something attempted—something done,
 Has earn'd a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
 For the lesson thou hast taught !
 Thus at the flaming forge of Life
 Our fortunes must be wrought,
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
 Each burning deed and thought.

SUNSET IN SEPTEMBER.

BY CARLOS WILCOX.

THE sun now rests upon the mountain tops—
 Begins to sink behind—is half conceal'd—
 And now is gone : the last faint, twinkling beam
 Is cut in twain by the sharp rising ridge.
 Sweet to the pensive is departing day,
 When only one small cloud, so still and thin,
 So thoroughly imbued with amber light,
 And so transparent, that it seems a spot
 Of brighter sky, beyond the farthest mount,
 Hangs o'er the hidden orb ; or where a few
 Long narrow strips of denser, darker grain,
 At each end sharpen'd to a needle's point,
 With golden borders, sometimes straight and smooth,
 And sometimes crinkling like the lightning stream,
 A half hour's space above the mountain lie ;
 Or when the whole consolidated mass,

That only threaten'd rain, is broken up
Into a thousand parts, and yet is one,
One as the ocean broken into waves ;
And all its spongy parts, imbibing deep
The moist effulgence, seem like fleeces dyed
Deep scarlet, saffron light, or crimson dark,
As they are thick or thin, or near or more remote,
All fading soon as lower sinks the sun,
Till twilight end. But now another scene,
To me most beautiful of all, appears :
The sky, without the shadow of a cloud,
Throughout the west, is kindled to a glow
So bright and broad, it glares upon the eye,
Not dazzling, but dilating with calm force
Its power of vision to admit the whole.
Below, 'tis all of richest orange dye,
Midway, the blushing of the mellow peach
Paints not, but tinges the ethereal deep ;
And here, in this most lovely region, shines,
With added loveliness, the evening-star.
Above, the fainter purple slowly fades,
Till changed into the azure of mid heaven.

Along the level ridge, o'er which the sun
Descended, in a single row arranged,
As if thus planted by the hand of art,
Majestic pines shoot up into the sky,
And in its fluid gold seem half-dissolved.
Upon a nearer peak a cluster stands
With shafts erect, and tops converged to one,
A stately colonnade, with verdant roof ;
Upon a nearer still, a single tree,
With shapely form looks beautiful alone ;
While, farther northward, through a narrow pass
Scoop'd in the hither range, a single mount

Beyond the rest, of finer smoothness seems,
 And of a softer, more ethereal blue,
 A pyramid of polish'd sapphire built.

But now the twilight mingles into one
 The various mountains ; levels to a plain
 This nearer, lower landscape, dark with shade,
 Where every object to my sight presents
 Its shaded side ; while here upon these walls,
 And in that eastern wood, upon the trunks
 Under thick foliage, reflective shows
 Its yellow lustre. How distinct the line
 Of the horizon, parting heaven and earth !

THE BOB-O'LINKUM.

BY CHARLES F. HOFFMAN.

THOU vocal sprite ! thou feather'd troubadour !
 In pilgrim weeds through many a clime a ranger,
 Com'st thou to doff thy russet suit once more,
 And play in foppish trim the masquing stranger ?
 Philosophers may teach thy whereabouts and nature
 But, wise as all of us, perforce, must think 'em,
 The schoolboy best hath fix'd thy nomenclature,
 And poets, too, must call thee Bob-O'Linkum !

Say ! art thou, long mid forest glooms benighted,
 So glad to skim our laughing meadows over,
 With our gay orchards here so much delighted,
 It makes thee musical, thou airy rover ?
 Or are those buoyant notes the pilfer'd treasure
 Of fairy isles, which thou hast learn'd to ravish
 Of all their sweetest minstrelsy at pleasure,
 And, Ariel-like, again on men to lavish ?

They tell sad stories of thy mad-cap freaks ;
 Wherever o'er the land thy pathway ranges ;
 And even in a brace of wandering weeks,
 They say, alike thy song and plumage changes :
 Here both are gay ; and when the buds put forth,
 And leafy June is shading rock and river,
 Thou art unmatch'd, blithe warbler of the north,
 When through the balmy air thy clear notes quiver.
 Joyous, yet tender, was that gush of song
 Caught from the brooks, where, mid its wild-flowers
 smiling,
 The silent prairie listens all day long,
 The only captive to such sweet beguiling ;
 Or didst thou, flitting through the verdurous halls
 And column'd aisles of western groves symphonious,
 Learn from the tuneful woods rare madrigals,
 To make our flowering pastures here harmonious ?
 Caught'st thou thy carol from Ottawa maid,
 Where, through the liquid fields of wild rice plashing,
 Brushing the ears from off the burden'd blade,
 Her birch canoe o'er some lone lake is flashing ?
 Or did the reeds of some savanna south
 Detain thee while thy northern flight pursuing,
 To place those melodies in thy sweet mouth
 The spice-fed winds had taught them in their wooing ?
 Unthrifty prodigal ! is no thought of ill
 Thy ceaseless roundelay disturbing ever ?
 Or doth each pulse in choiring cadence still
 Throb on in music till at rest forever ?
 Yet now in wilder'd maze of concord floating,
 ' T would seem that glorious hymning to prolong,
 Old Time, in hearing thee, might fall a dotting,
 And pause to listen to thy rapturous song !

ROSALIE.

BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

OH, pour upon my soul again
That sad, unearthly strain,
That seems from other worlds to plain ;
Thus falling, falling from afar,
As if some melancholy star
Had mingled with her light her sighs
And dropp'd them from the skies.

No—never came from aught below
This melody of woe,
That makes my heart to overflow
As from a thousand gushing springs
Unknown before ; that with it brings
This nameless light—if light it be—
That veils the world I see.

For all I see around me wears
The hue of other spheres ;
And something blent with smiles and tears
Comes from the very air I breathe.
Oh, nothing, sure, the stars beneath,
Can mould a sadness like to this—
So like angelic bliss.

So, at that dreamy hour of day
When the last lingering ray
Stops on the highest cloud to play—
So thought the gentle Rosalie
As on her maiden revery
First fell the strain of him who stole
In music to her soul.

THE PEBBLE AND THE ACORN.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

“ I AM a Pebble! and yield to none!”
Were the swelling words of a tiny stone!—
“ Nor time nor seasons can alter me ;
I am abiding, while ages flee.
The pelting hail, and the drizzling rain,
Have tried to soften me, long, in vain ;
And the tender dew has sought to melt
Or touch my heart ; but it was not felt.
There’s none that can tell about my birth,
For I’m as old as the big round earth.
The children of men arise, and pass
Out of the world like the blades of grass ;
And many a foot on me has trod,
That’s gone from sight, and under the sod.
I am a Pebble! but who art thou,
Rattling along from the restless bough ?”

The Acorn was shock’d at this rude salute,
And lay for a moment abash’d and mute ;
She never before had been so near
This gravelly ball, the mundane sphere ;
And she felt for a time at a loss to know
How to answer a thing so coarse and low.
But to give reproof of a nobler sort
Than the angry look, or the keen retort,
At length she said in a gentle tone,
“ Since it has happen’d that I am thrown
From the lighter element where I grew,
Down to another so hard and new,

And beside a personage so august,
Abased, I will cover my head with dust,
And quickly retire from the sight of one
Whom time, nor season, nor storm, nor sun,
Nor the gentle dew, nor the grinding heel
Has ever subdued, or made to feel!"
And soon in the earth she sunk away,
From the comfortless spot where the Pebble lay.

But it was not long ere the soil was broke
By the peering head of an infant oak!
And, as it arose, and its branches spread,
The Pebble look'd up, and, wondering, said,
"A modest Acorn,—never to tell
What was enclosed in its simple shell!
That the pride of the forest was folded up
In the narrow space of its little cup!
And meekly to sink in the darksome earth,
Which proves that nothing could hide her worth!
And, O! how many will tread on me,
To come and admire the beautiful tree,
Whose head is towering towards the sky,
Above such a worthless thing as I!
Useless and vain, a cumberer here,
I have been idling from year to year.
But never, from this, shall a vaunting word
From the humbled Pebble again be heard,
Till something without me or within,
Shall show the purpose for which I've been!"
The Pebble its vow could not forget,
And it lies there wrapp'd in silence yet!

TO SPRING.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

OH thou delicious Spring!
Nursed in the lap of thin and subtle showers,
Which fall from clouds that lift their snowy wing
From odorous beds of light-inkfolded flowers,
And from enmass'd bowers,
That over grassy walks their greenness fling,
Come, gentle Spring!

Thou lover of young wind,
That cometh from the invisible upper sea
Beneath the sky, which clouds, its white foam, bind,
And, settling in the trees deliciously,
Makes young leaves dance with glee,
Even in the teeth of that old sober hind,
Winter unkind,

Come to us; for thou art
Like the fine love of children, gentle Spring!
Touching the sacred feeling of the heart,
Or like a virgin's pleasant welcoming;
And thou dost ever bring
A tide of gentle but resistless art
Upon the heart.

Red Autumn from the south
Contends with thee: alas! what may he show?
What are his purple-stain'd and rosy mouth
And browned cheeks, to thy soft feet of snow,
And timid, pleasant glow,
Giving earth-piercing flowers their primal growth,
And greenest youth?

Gay Summer conquers thee ;
And yet he has no beauty such as thine :
What is his ever-streaming, fiery sea,
To the pure glory that with thee doth shine ?
Thou season most divine,
What may his dull and lifeless minstrelsy
Compare with thee ?

Come, sit upon the hills,
And bid the waking streams leap down their side,
And green the vales with their slight-sounding rills ;
And when the stars upon the sky shall glide,
And crescent Dian ride,
I too will breathe of thy delicious thrills,
On grassy hills.

Alas ! bright Spring, not long
Shall I enjoy thy pleasant influence ;
For thou shalt die the summer heat among,
Sublimed to vapour in his fire intense,
And, gone for ever hence,
Exist no more : no more to earth belong,
Except in song.

So I who sing shall die :
Worn unto death, perchance, by care and sorrow ;
And, fainting thus with an unconscious sigh,
Bid unto this poor body a good morrow,
Which now sometimes I borrow,
And breathe of joyance keener and more high,
Ceasing to sigh !

SCENE AFTER A SUMMER SHOWER.

BY ANDREWS NORTON.

THE rain is o'er. How dense and bright
Yon pearly clouds reposing lie!
Cloud above cloud, a glorious sight,
Contrasting with the dark blue sky!

In grateful silence, earth receives
The general blessing; fresh and fair,
Each flower expands its little leaves,
As glad the common joy to share.

The soften'd sunbeams pour around
A fairy light, uncertain, pale;
The wind flows cool; the scented ground
Is breathing odours on the gale.

Mid yon rich clouds' voluptuous pile,
Methinks some spirit of the air
Might rest, to gaze below a while,
Then turn to bathe and revel there.

The sun breaks forth; from off the scene
Its floating veil of mist is flung;
And all the wilderness of green
With trembling drops of light is hung.

Now gaze on Nature—yet the same—
Glowing with life, by breezes fann'd,
Luxuriant, lovely, as she came,
Fresh in her youth, from God's own hand.

Hear the rich music of that voice,
 Which sounds from all below, above ;
 She calls her children to rejoice,
 And round them throws her arms of love.

Drink in her influence ; lowborn Care,
 And all the train of mean Desire,
 Refuse to breathe this holy air,
 And mid this living light expire.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

BY JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

WHAT is there saddening in the autumn leaves ?
 Have they that " green and yellow melancholy "
 That the sweet poet spake of ?—Had he seen
 Our variegated woods, when first the frost
 Turns into beauty all October's charms—
 When the dread fever quits us—when the storms
 Of the wild equinox, with all its wet,
 Has left the land, as the first deluge left it,
 With a bright bow of many colours hung
 Upon the forest tops—he had not sigh'd.

The moon stays longest for the hunter now :
 The trees cast down their fruitage, and the blithe
 And busy squirrel hoards his winter store :
 While man enjoys the breeze that sweeps along
 The bright, blue sky above him, and that bends
 Magnificently all the forest's pride,
 Or whispers through the evergreens, and asks,
 " What is there saddening in the autumn leaves ? "

NEW ENGLAND.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

LAND of the forest and the rock—
Of dark blue lake and mighty river—
Of mountains rear'd aloft to mock
The storm's career, the lightning's shock—
My own green land for ever !
Land of the beautiful and brave—
The freeman's home—the martyr's grave—
The nursery of giant men,
Whose deeds have link'd with every glen,
And every hill and every stream,
The romance of some warrior-dream !
O ! never may a son of thine,
Where'er his wandering steps incline,
Forget the sky which bent above
His childhood like a dream of love ;
The stream beneath the green hill flowing,
The broad-arm'd trees above it growing,
The clear breeze through the foliage blowing ;
Or hear unmoved the taunt of scorn
Breathed o'er the brave New England born ;
Or mark the stranger's jaguar-hand
Disturb the ashes of thy dead,
The buried glory of a land
Whose soil with noble blood is red,
And sanctified in every part,—
Nor feel resentment like a brand,
Unsheathing from his fiery heart !

O! greener hills may catch the sun
 Beneath the glorious heaven of France;
And streams, rejoicing as they run
 Like life beneath the day-beam's glance,
May wander where the orange-bough
With golden fruit is bending low;
And there may bend a brighter sky
O'er green and classic Italy—
And pillar'd fane and ancient grave
 Bear record of another time,
And over shaft and architrave
 The green luxuriant ivy climb;
And far toward the rising sun
 The palm may shake its leaves on high,
Where flowers are opening, one by one,
 Like stars upon the twilight sky;
And breezes soft as sighs of love
 Above the broad banana stray,
And through the Brahmin's sacred grove
 A thousand bright-hued pinions play!
Yet unto thee, New England, still
 Thy wandering sons shall stretch their arms,
And thy rude chart of rock and hill
 Seem dearer than the land of palms;
Thy massy oak and mountain-pine
 More welcome than the banyan's shade;
And every free, blue stream of thine
 Seem richer than the golden bed
Of oriental waves, which glow
And sparkle with the wealth below!

THE RETURN OF YOUTH.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

My friend, thou sorrowest for thy golden prime,
For thy fair youthful years too swift of flight;
Thou musest with wet eyes upon the time
Of cheerful hopes that fill'd the world with light,
Years when thy heart was bold, thy hand was strong,
And prompt thy tongue the generous thought to speak,
And willing faith was thine, and scorn of wrong
Summon'd the sudden crimson to thy cheek.

Thou lookest forward on the coming days,
Shuddering to feel their shadow o'er thee creep;
A path, thick-set with changes and decays,
Slopes downward to the place of common sleep;
And they who walk'd with thee in life's first stage,
Leave one by one thy side, and, waiting near,
Thou seest the sad companions of thy age—
Dull love of rest, and weariness and fear.

Yet grieve thou not, nor think thy youth is gone,
Nor deem that glorious season e'er could die.
Thy pleasant youth, a little while withdrawn,
Waits on the horizon of a brighter sky:
Waits, like the morn, that folds her wing and hides,
Till the slow stars bring back her dawning hour;
Waits, like the vanish'd spring, that slumbering bides
Her own sweet time to waken bud and flower.

There shall he welcome thee, when thou shalt stand
On his bright morning hills, with smiles more sweet
Than when at first he took thee by the hand,
Through the fair earth to lead thy tender feet.

He shall bring back, but brighter, broader still,
 Life's early glory to thine eyes again,
 Shall clothe thy spirit with new strength, and fill
 Thy leaping heart with warmer love than then.

Hast thou not glimpses, in the twilight here,
 Of mountains where immortal morn prevails?
 Comes there not, through the silence, to thine ear
 A gentle murmur of the morning gales,
 That sweep the ambrosial groves of that bright shore,
 And thence the fragrance of its blossoms bear,
 And voices of the loved ones gone before,
 More musical in that celestial air?

THE LABOURER.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

STAND up—erect! Thou hast the form
 And likeness of thy God—who more.
 A soul as dauntless mid the storm
 Of daily life, a heart as warm
 And pure as breast e'er wore.

What then?—Thou art as true a man
 As moves the human mass among,
 As much a part of the great plan
 That with Creation's dawn began,
 As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy?—the high
 In station, or in wealth the chief?
 The great, who coldly pass thee by,
 With proud step and averted eye?
 Nay! nurse not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast,
 What were the proud one's scorn to thee?
 A feather, which thou mightest cast
 Aside, as idly as the blast
 The light leaf from the tree.

No :—uncurb'd passions, low desires,
 Absence of noble self-respect,
 Death, in the breast's consuming fires,
 To that high nature which aspires
 For ever, till thus check'd ;

These are thine enemies—thy worst ;
 They chain thee to thy lowly lot :
 Thy labour and thy life accursed.
 O, stand erect ! and from them burst !
 And longer suffer not !

Thou art thyself thine enemy !
 The great !—what better thy than thou ?
 As theirs, is not thy will as free ?
 Has God with equal favours thee
 Neglected to endow ?

True, wealth thou hast not—'t is but dust !
 Nor place—uncertain as the wind !
 But that thou hast, which, with thy crust
 And water, may despise the lust
 Of both—a noble mind.

With this, and passions under ban,
 True faith, and holy trust in God,
 Thou art the peer of any man.
 Look up, then : that thy little span
 Of life may be well trod !



DRAWN BY P. F. ROTHELM.

ENGRAVED BY J. SARTAIN.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

BY JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

He comes not—I have watch'd the moon go down,
But yet he comes not. Once it was not so.
He thinks not how these bitter tears do flow,
The while he holds his riot in that town.
Yet he will come, and chide, and I shall weep ;
And he will wake my infant from its sleep,
To blend its feeble wailing with my tears.
O ! how I love a mother's watch to keep,
Over those sleeping eyes, that smile, which cheers
My heart, though sunk in sorrow, fix'd and deep.
I had a husband once, who loved me—now
He ever wears a frown upon his brow,
And feeds his passion on a wanton's lip,
As bees, from laurel flowers, a poison sip ;
But yet I cannot hate—O ! there were hours,
When I could hang for ever on his eye,
And time, who stole with silent swiftness by,
Strew'd, as he hurried on, his path with flowers.
I loved him then—he loved me too. My heart
Still finds its fondness kindle if he smile ;
The memory of our loves will ne'er depart ;
And though he often sting me with a dart,
Venom'd and barb'd, and waste upon the vile
Caresses, which his babe and mine should share ;
Though he should spurn me, I will calmly bear
His madness, and should sickness come and lay
Its paralyzing hand upon him, then
I would, with kindness, all my wrongs repay,
Until the penitent should weep, and say,
How injured, and how faithful I had been !

THE BURIAL-PLACE AT LAUREL HILL.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

HERE the lamented dead in dust shall lie,
Life's lingering languors o'er, its labours done ;
Where waving boughs, betwixt the earth and sky,
Admit the farewell radiance of the sun.

Here the long concourse from the murmuring town,
With funeral pace and slow, shall enter in ;
To lay the loved in tranquil silence down,
No more to suffer, and no more to sin.

And in this hallow'd spot, where Nature showers
Her summer smiles from fair and stainless skies,
Affection's hand may strew her dewy flowers,
Whose fragrant incense from the grave shall rise

And here the impressive stone, engraved with words
Which grief sententious gives to marble pale,
Shall teach the heart ; while waters, leaves, and birds
Make cheerful music in the passing gale.

Say, wherefore should we weep, and wherefore pour
On scented airs the unavailing sigh—
While sun-bright waves are quivering to the shore,
And landscapes blooming—that the loved must die ?

There is an emblem in this peaceful scene :
Soon rainbow colours on the woods will fall ;
And autumn gusts bereave the hills of green,
As sinks the year to meet its cloudy pall.

Then, cold and pale, in distant vistas round,
 Disrobed and tuneless, all the woods will stand ;
 While the chain'd streams are silent as the ground,
 As Death had numb'd them with his icy hand.

Yet when the warm, soft winds shall rise in spring,
 Like struggling daybeams o'er a blasted heath,
 The bird return'd shall poise her golden wing,
 And liberal Nature break the spell of Death.

So, when the tomb's dull silence finds an end,
 The blessed dead to endless youth shall rise ;
 And hear th' archangel's thrilling summons blend
 Its tone with anthems from the upper skies.

There shall the good of earth be found at last,
 Where dazzling streams and vernal fields expand ;
 Where Love her crown attains—her trials past—
 And, fill'd with rapture, hails the “ better land !”

THE WINGED WORSHIPPERS.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

Two swallows, having flown into church during divine service,
 were apostrophized in the following stanzas.

GAY, guiltless pair,
 What seek ye from the fields of heaven ?
 Ye have no need of prayer,
 Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,
 Where mortals to their Maker bend ?
 Can your pure spirits fear
 The God ye never could offend ?

Ye never knew
The crimes for which we come to weep :
Penance is not for you,
Bless'd wanderers of the *upper deep*.

To you 'tis given
To wake sweet nature's untaught lays ;
Beneath the arch of heaven
To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing,
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,
And join the choirs that sing
In yon blue dome not rear'd with hands.

Or if ye stay
To note the consecrated hour,
Teach me the airy way,
And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd,
On upward wings could I but fly,
I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'Twere heaven indeed,
Through fields of trackless light to soar,
On nature's charms to feed,
And nature's own great God adore.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

BY JOSEPH R. DRAKE.

WHEN Freedom from her mountain height
Unfur'd her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white,
With streakings of the morning light ;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She call'd her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.
Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumpings loud
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,
Child of the sun ! to thee 't is given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory !
Flag of the brave ! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.

Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimm'd the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn ;
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreathes the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall ;
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas ! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave ;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendours fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home !
By angel hands to valour given ;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
For ever float that standard sheet !
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us !

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

ONCE this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armed hands
Encounter'd in the battle-cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
How gush'd the life-blood of her brave—
Gush'd warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still ;
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black-mouth'd gun and staggering wain ;
Men start not at the battle-cry ;
O! be it never heard again.

Soon rested those who fought ; but thou
Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare ! lingering long
Through weary day and weary year.
A wild and many-weapon'd throng
Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot.
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not,

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
 The hissing, stinging bolt of scorn ;
 For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
 The victory of endurance born.

Truth crush'd to earth, shall rise again :
 The eternal years of GOD are hers ;
 But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
 And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
 When they who help'd thee flee in fear
 Die full of hope and manly trust,
 Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
 Another hand the standard wave,
 Till from the trumpet's mouth is peal'd
 The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

THE DEPARTED.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

THE departed ! the departed !
 They visit us in dreams,
 And they glide above our memories
 Like shadows over streams ;
 But where the cheerful lights of home
 In constant lustre burn,
 The departed, the departed
 Can never more return !

The good, the brave, the beautiful,
 How dreamless is their sleep,
 Where rolls the dirge-like music
 Of the ever-tossing deep !

Or where the hurrying night-winds
Pale winter's robes have spread
Above their narrow palaces,
In the cities of the dead!

I look around and feel the awe
Of one who walks alone
Among the wrecks of former days,
In mournful ruin strown ;
I start to hear the stirring sounds
Among the cypress trees,
For the voice of the departed
Is borne upon the breeze.

That solemn voice ! it mingles with
Each free and careless strain ;
I scarce can think earth's minstrelsy
Will cheer my heart again.
The melody of summer waves,
The thrilling notes of birds,
Can never be so dear to me
As their remember'd words.

I sometimes dream their pleasant smiles
Still on me sweetly fall,
Their tones of love I faintly hear
My name in sadness call.
I know that they are happy,
With their angel-plumage on,
But my heart is very desolate
To think that they are gone.

THE LAST DAYS OF AUTUMN.

BY JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

Now the growing year is over,
And the shepherd's tinkling bell
Faintly from its winter cover
Rings a low farewell :—
Now the birds of Autumn shiver,
Where the wither'd beech-leaves quiver,
O'er the dark and lazy river,
In the rocky dell.

Now the mist is on the mountains,
Reddening in the rising sun ;
Now the flowers around the fountains
Perish one by one :—
Not a spire of grass is growing,
But the leaves that late were glowing,
Now its blighted green are strowing
With a mantle dun.

Now the torrent brook is stealing
Faintly down the furrow'd glade—
Not as when in winter pealing,
Such a din is made,
That the sound of cataracts falling
Gave no echo so appalling,
As its hoarse and heavy brawling
In the pine's black shade.

Darkly blue the mist is hovering
Round the clifted rock's bare height—
All the bordering mountains covering
With a dim, uncertain light :—

Now, a fresher wind prevailing,
 Wide its heavy burden sailing,
 Deepens as the day is failing,
 Fast the gloom of night.

Slow the blood-stain'd moon is riding
 Through the still and hazy air,
 Like a sheeted spectre gliding
 In a torch's glare:—
 Few the hours, her light is given—
 Mingling clouds of tempest driven
 O'er the mourning face of heaven,
 All is blackness there.

INCOMPREHENSIBILITY OF GOD.

BY ELIZABETH TOWNSEND.

WHERE art thou? Thou! Source and Support of all
 That is or seen or felt; Thyself unseen,
 Unfelt, unknown—alas! unknowable!
 I look abroad among thy works: the sky,
 Vast, distant, glorious with its world of suns,
 Life-giving earth, and ever-moving main,
 And speaking winds, and ask if these are Thee!
 The stars that twinkle on, the eternal hills,
 The restless tide's outgoing and return,
 The omnipresent and deep-breathing air—
 Though hail'd as gods of old, and only less—
 Are not the Power I seek; are thine, not Thee!
 I ask Thee from the past; if in the years,
 Since first Intelligence could search its source,
 Or in some former, unremember'd being
 (If such, perchance, were mine), did they behold Thee?

And next interrogate Futurity—
 So fondly tenanted with better things
 Than e'er experience own'd—but both are mute ;
 And past and future, vocal on all else,
 So full of memories and phantasies,
 Are deaf and speechless here? Fatigued, I turn
 From all vain parley with the elements ;
 And close mine eyes, and bid the thought turn inward.
 From each material thing its anxious guest,
 If, in the stillness of the waiting soul,
 He may vouchsafe himself, Spirit to spirit !
 Oh Thou, at once most dreaded and desired,
 Pavilion'd still in darkness, wilt thou hide thee ?
 What though the rash request be fraught with fate,
 Nor human eye may look on thine and live ?
 Welcome the penalty ! let that come now
 Which soon or late must come. For light like this
 Who would not dare to die ?

Peace, my proud aim,

And hush the wish that knows not what it asks.
 Await his will, who hath appointed this
 With every other trial. Be that will
 Done now as ever. For thy curious search,
 And unprepared solicitude to gaze
 On Him—the Unreveal'd—learn hence, instead,
 To temper highest hope with humbleness.
 Pass thy novitiate in these outer courts,
 Till rent the veil, no longer separating
 The holiest of all ; as erst disclosing
 A brighter dispensation ; whose results
 Ineffable, interminable, tend
 E'en to the perfecting thyself, thy kind,
 Till meet for that sublime beatitude,
 By the firm promise of a voice from heaven
 Pledged to the pure in heart !

“GO FORTH INTO THE FIELDS.”

BY WILLIAM J. PABODIE.

Go forth into the fields,
Ye denizens of the pent city's mart!
Go forth and know the gladness nature yields
To the care-wearied heart.

Leave ye the feverish strife,
The jostling, eager, self-devoted throng;—
Ten thousand voices, waked anew to life,
Call you with sweetest song.

Hark! from each fresh-clad bough,
Or blissful soaring in the golden air,
Bright birds with joyous music bid you now
To spring's loved haunts repair.

The silvery gleaming rills
Lure with soft murmurs from the grassy lea,
Or gayly dancing down the sunny hills,
Call loudly in their glee!

And the young, wanton breeze,
With breath all odorous from her blossomy chase,
In voice low whispering 'mong th' embowering trees,
Woos you to her embrace.

Go—breathe the air of heaven,
Where violets meekly smile upon your way;
Or on some pine-crown'd summit, tempest-riven,
Your wandering footsteps stay.

Seek ye the solemn wood,
Whose giant trunks a verdant roof uprear,
And listen, while the roar of some far flood
Thrills the young leaves with fear!

Stand by the tranquil lake,
Sleeping mid willowy banks of emerald dye,
Save when the wild bird's wing its surface break,
Checkering the mirror'd sky—

And if within your breast,
Hallow'd to nature's touch, one chord remain;
If aught save worldly honours find you blest,
Or hope of sordid gain,—

A strange delight shall thrill,
A quiet joy brood o'er you like a dove;
Earth's placid beauty shall your bosom fill,
Stirring its depths with love.

O, in the calm, still hours,
The holy Sabbath-hours, when sleeps the air,
And heaven, and earth, deck'd with her beauteous flowers,
Lie hush'd in breathless prayer,—

Pass ye the proud fane by,
The vaulted aisles, by flaunting folly trod,
And, 'neath the temple of the uplifted sky,
Go forth and worship God!

STANZAS WRITTEN IN AUTUMN.

BY JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

THE dead leaves strew the forest walk,
And wither'd are the pale wild flowers ;
The frost hangs blackening on the stalk,
The dew-drops fall in frozen showers.
Gone are the spring's green sprouting bowers,
Gone summer's rich and mantling vines,
And autumn, with her yellow hours,
On hill and plain no longer shines.

I learn'd a clear and wild-toned note,
That rose and swell'd from yonder tree—
A gay bird, with too sweet a throat,
There perch'd and raised her song for me.
The winter comes, and where is she ?
Away—where summer wings will rove,
Where buds are fresh, and every tree
Is vocal with the notes of love.

Too mild the breath of southern sky,
Too fresh the flower that blushes there,
The northern breeze that rustles by
Finds leaves too green, and buds too fair ;
No forest tree stands stripp'd and bare,
No stream beneath the ice is dead,
No mountain top, with sleety hair,
Bends o'er the snows its reverend head.

Go there, with all the birds, and seek
 A happier clime, with livelier flight,
 Kiss, with the sun, the evening's cheek,
 And leave me lonely with the night.
 I'll gaze upon the cold north light,
 And mark where all its glories shone,—
 See—that it all is fair and bright,
 Feel—that it all is cold and gone.

THE GRAY FOREST-EAGLE.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

WITH storm-daring pinion and sun-gazing eye,
 The gray forest-eagle is king of the sky !
 O, little he loves the green valley of flowers,
 Where sunshine and song cheer the bright summer hours,
 For he hears in those haunts only music, and sees
 Only rippling of waters and waving of trees ;
 There the red robin warbles, the honey-bee hums,
 The timid quail whistles, the sly partridge drums ;
 And if those proud pinions, perchance, sweep along,
 There's a shrouding of plumage, a hushing of song ;
 The sunlight falls stilly on leaf and on moss,
 And there's nought but his shadow black gliding across ;
 But the dark, gloomy gorge, where down plunges the foam
 Of the fierce, rock-lash'd torrent, he claims as his home :
 There he blends his keen shriek with the roar of the flood,
 And the many-voiced sounds of the blast-smitten wood ;
 From the crag-grasping fir-top, where morn hangs its wreath,
 He views the mad waters white writhing beneath :

On a limb of that moss-bearded hemlock far down,
With bright azure mantle and gay-mottled crown,
The kingfisher watches, where o'er him his foe,
The fierce hawk sails circling, each moment more low :
Now poised are those pinions, and pointed that beak,
His dread swoop is ready, when hark ! with a shriek,
His eye-balls red-blazing, high bristling his crest,
His snake-like neck arch'd, talons drawn to his breast,
With the rush of the wind-gust, the glancing of light,
The gray forest-eagle shoots down in his flight ;
One blow of those talons, one plunge of that neck,
The strong hawk hangs lifeless, a blood-dripping wreck,
And as dives the free kingfisher, dart-like on high
With his prey soars the eagle, and melts in the sky.

A fitful red glaring, a low, rumbling jar,
Proclaim the storm demon yet raging afar :
The black cloud strides upward, the lightning more red,
And the roll of the thunder more deep and more dread ;
A thick pall of darkness is cast o'er the air,
And on bounds the blast with a howl from its lair :
The lightning darts zig-zag and fork'd through the gloom,
And the bolt launches o'er with crash, rattle, and boom ;
The gray forest-eagle, where, where has he sped ?
Does he shrink to his eyrie, and shiver with dread ?
Does the glare blind his eye ? Has the terrible blast
On the wing of the sky-king, a fear-fetter cast ?
No, no, the brave eagle ! he thinks not of fright ;
The wrath of the tempest but rouses delight ;
To the flash of the lightning his eye casts a gleam,
To the shriek of the wild blast he echoes his scream,
And with front like a warrior that speeds to the fray,
And a clapping of pinions, he's up and away !
Away, O, away, soars the fearless and free !
What recks he the sky's strife ?—its monarch is he !

The lightning darts round him, undaunted his sight ;
 The blast sweeps against him, unwaver'd his flight ;
 High upward, still upward, he wheels, till his form
 Is lost in the black, scowling gloom of the storm.

The tempest sweeps o'er with its terrible train,
 And the splendour of sunshine is glowing again ;
 Again smiles the soft, tender blue of the sky,
 Waked bird-voices warble, fann'd leaf-voices sigh ;
 On the green grass dance shadows, streams sparkle and run,
 The breeze bears the odour its flower-kiss has won,
 And full on the form of the demon in flight
 The rainbow's magnificence gladdens the sight !
 The gray forest-eagle ! O, where is he now,
 While the sky wears the smile of its God on its brow ?
 There's a dark, floating spot by yon cloud's pearly wreath,
 With the speed of the arrow 'tis shooting beneath !
 Down, nearer and nearer it draws to the gaze,
 Now over the rainbow, now blent with its blaze,
 To a shape it expands, still it plunges through air,
 A proud crest, a fierce eye, a broad wing are there ;
 'Tis the eagle—the gray forest-eagle—once more
 He sweeps to his eyrie : his journey is o'er !

Time whirls round his circle, his years roll away,
 But the gray forest-eagle minds little his sway ;
 The child spurns its buds for youth's thorn-hidden bloom,
 Seeks manhood's bright phantoms, finds age and a tomb ;
 But the eagle's eye dims not, his wing is unbow'd,
 Still drinks he the sunshine, still scales he the cloud !
 The green tiny pine-shrub points up from the moss,
 The wren's foot would cover it, tripping across ;
 The beech-nut down dropping would crush it beneath,
 But 'tis warm'd with heaven's sunshine, and fann'd by its
 breath ;

The seasons fly past it, its head is on high,
Its thick branches challenge each mood of the sky ;
On its rough bark the moss a green mantle creates,
And the deer from his antlers the velvet-down grates ;
Time withers its roots, it lifts sadly in air
A trunk dry and wasted, a top jagg'd and bare,
Till it rocks in the soft breeze, and crashes to earth,
Its blown fragments strewing the place of its birth.
The eagle has seen it up-struggling to sight,
He has seen it defying the storm in its might,
Then prostrate, soil-blended, with plants sprouting o'er,
But the gray-forest eagle is still as of yore.
His flaming eye dims not, his wing is unbow'd,
Still drinks he the sunshine, still scales he the cloud !
He has seen from his eyrie the forest below
In bud and in leaf, robed with crimson and snow.
The thickets, deep wolf-lairs, the high crag his throne,
And the shriek of the panther has answer'd his own.
He has seen the wild red man the lord of the shades,
And the smoke of his wigwams curl thick in the glades ;
He has seen the proud forest melt breath-like away,
And the breast of the earth lying bare to the day ;
He sees the green meadow-grass hiding the lair,
And his crag-throne spread naked to sun and to air ;
And his shriek is now answer'd, while sweeping along,
By the low of the herd and the husbandman's song ;
He has seen the wild red-man off-swept by his foes,
And he sees dome and roof where those smokes once
 arose ;
But his flaming eye dims not, his wing is unbow'd,
Still drinks he the sunshine, still scales he the cloud !
 An emblem of Freedom, stern, haughty, and high,
Is the gray forest-eagle, that king of the sky !

It scorns the bright scenes, the gay places of earth—
By the mountain and torrent it springs into birth ;
There rock'd by the wild wind, baptized in the foam,
It is guarded and cherish'd, and there is its home !
When its shadow steals black o'er the empires of kings,
Deep terror, deep heart-shaking terror it brings ;
Where wicked Oppression is arm'd for the weak,
Then rustles its pinions, then echoes its shriek ;
Its eye flames with vengeance, it sweeps on its way,
And its talons are bathed in the blood of its prey.
O, that eagle of Freedom ! when cloud upon cloud
Swathed the sky of my own native land with a shroud,
When lightnings gleam'd fiercely, and thunderbolts rung,
How proud to the tempest those pinions were flung !
Though the wild blast of battle swept fierce through the air
With darkness and dread, still the eagle was there ;
Unquailing, still speeding, his swift flight was on,
Till the rainbow of Peace crown'd the victory won.
O, that eagle of Freedom ! age dims not his eye,
He has seen Earth's mortality spring, bloom, and die !
He has seen the strong nations rise, flourish, and fall,
He mocks at Time's changes, he triumphs o'er all :
He has seen our own land with wild forests o'erspread,
He sees it with sunshine and joy on its head ;
And his presence will bless this, his own, chosen clime,
Till the Archangel's fiat is set upon time.

GOOD-NIGHT.

BY R. C. SANDS.

GOOD-NIGHT to all the world! there's none,
Beneath the "over-going" sun,
To whom I feel, or hate, or spite,
And so to all a fair good-night.

Would I could say good-night to pain,
Good-night to conscience and her train,
To cheerless poverty, and shame
That I am yet unknown to fame!

Would I could say good-night to dreams
That haunt me with delusive gleams,
That through the sable future's veil
Like meteors glimmer, but to fail.

Would I could say a long good-night
To halting between wrong and right,
And, like a giant with new force,
Awake prepared to run my course!

But time o'er good and ill sweeps on,
And when few years have come and gone,
The past will be to me as nought,
Whether remember'd or forgot.

Yet let me hope one faithful friend
O'er my last couch in tears shall bend;
And, though no day for me was bright,
Shall bid me then a long good-night.

LAST SETTING OF THE SUN.

BY JAMES A. HILLHOUSE.

By this the sun his westering car drove low ;
Round his broad wheels full many a lucid cloud
Floated, like happy isles in seas of gold :
Along the horizon castled shapes were piled,
Turrets and towers, whose fronts embattled gleam'd
With yellow light : smit by the slanting ray,
A ruddy beam the canopy reflected ;
With deeper light the ruby blushed ; and thick
Upon the Seraphs' wings the glowing spots
Seem'd drops of fire. Uncoiling from its staff,
With fainter wave, the gorgeous ensign hung,
Or, swelling with the swelling breeze, by fits
Cast off, upon the dewy air, huge flakes
Of golden lustre. Over all the hill,
The heavenly legions, the assembled world,
Evening her crimson tint for ever drew.

But while at gaze, in solemn silence, men
And angels stood, and many a quaking heart
With expectation throbb'd ; about the throne
And glittering hill-top slowly wreath'd the clouds,
Erewhile like curtains for adornment hung,
Involving Shiloh and the Seraphim
Beneath a snowy tent. The bands around,
Eyeing the gonfalon that through the smoke
Tower'd into air, resembled hosts who watch
The king's pavilion where, ere battle hour,
A council sits. What their consult might be,
Those seven dread Spirits and their Lord, I mused,
I marvell'd. Was it grace and peace ? or death ?

Was it of man? Did pity for the Lost
His gentle nature wring, who knew, who felt
How frail is this poor tenement of clay?
Arose there from the misty tabernacle
A cry like that upon Gethsemane?
What pass'd in Jesus' bosom none may know,
But close the cloudy dome invested him;
And, weary with conjecture, round I gazed
Where in the purple west, no more to dawn,
Faded the glories of the dying day.
Mild-twinkling through a crimson-skirted cloud
The solitary star of evening shone.
While gazing wistful on that peerless light
Thereafter to be seen no more (as oft
In dreams strange images will mix), sad thoughts
Pass'd o'er my soul. Sorrowing I cried, "Farewell,
Pale, beauteous planet, that displayest so soft,
Amid yon glowing streak, thy transient beam,
A long, a last farewell! Seasons have changed,
Ages and empires roll'd, like smoke, away,
But thou, unalter'd, beam'st as silver fair
As on thy birthnight! Bright and watchful eyes,
From palaces and bowers, have hail'd thy gem
With secret transport! Natal star of love,
And souls that love the shadowy hour of fancy,
How much I owe thee, how I bless thy ray!
How oft thy rising o'er the hamlet green,
Signal of rest, and social converse sweet,
Beneath some patriarchal tree, has cheer'd
The peasant's heart, and drawn his benison!
Pride of the West! beneath thy placid light
The tender tale shall never more be told,
Man's soul shall never wake to joy again:
Thou setst for ever—lovely orb, farewell!"

THE TRAVELER'S FATE.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

UNDRAW yon curtain, look within that room,
Where all is splendour, yet where all is gloom :
Why weeps that mother ? why, in pensive mood,
Group noiseless round, that little, lovely brood ?
The battledore is still, lain by each book,
And the harp slumbers in its 'custom'd nook.
Who hath done this ? what cold, unpitying foe,
Hath made his house the dwelling-place of woe ?
'T is he, the husband, father, lost in care,
O'er that sweet fellow in his cradle there :
The gallant bark that rides by yonder strand,
Bears him to-morrow from his native land.
Why turns he, half unwilling, from his home,
To tempt the ocean and the earth to roam ?
Wealth he can boast, a miser's sigh would hush,
And health is laughing in that ruddy blush ;
Friends spring to greet him, and he has no foe—
So honour'd and so bless'd, what bids him go ?
His eye must see, his foot each spot must tread,
Where sleeps the dust of earth's recorded dead ;
Where rise the monuments of ancient time,
Pillar and pyramid in age sublime :
The pagan's temple and the churchman's tower,
War's bloodiest plain, and Wisdom's greenest bower ;
All that his wonder woke in schoolboy themes,
All that his fancy fired in youthful dreams :
Where Socrates once taught he thirsts to stray,
Where Homer pour'd his everlasting lay ;
From Virgil's tomb he longs to pluck one flower.
By Avon's stream to live one moonlight hour ;

To pause where England "garners up" her great,
And drop a patriot's tear to Milton's fate ;
Fame's living masters, too, he must behold,
Whose deeds shall blazon with the best of old :
Nations compare, their laws and customs scan,
And read, wherever spread, the book of Man ;
For these he goes, self-banish'd from his hearth,
And wrings the hearts of all he loves on earth.

Yet say, shall not new joy those hearts inspire,
When grouping round the future winter fire,
To hear the wonders of the world they burn,
And lose his absence in his glad return ?
Return ? alas ! he shall return no more,
To bless his own sweet home, his own proud shore.
Look once again : cold in his cabin now,
Death's finger-mark is on his pallid brow ;
No wife stood by, her patient watch to keep,
To smile on him, then turn away to weep ;
Kind woman's place rough mariners supplied,
And shared the wanderer's blessing when he died.
Wrapp'd in the raiment that it long must wear,
His body to the deck they slowly bear ;
The setting sun flings round his farewell rays,
O'er the broad ocean not a ripple plays ;
How eloquent, how awful in its power,
The silent lecture of death's sabbath-hour !
One voice that silence breaks—the prayer is said,
And the last rite man pays to man is paid ;
The plashing water marks his resting-place,
And folds him round in one long, cold embrace ;
Bright bubbles for a moment sparkle o'er,
Then break, to be, like him, beheld no more ;
Down, countless fathoms down, he sinks to sleep,
With all the nameless shapes that haunt the deep.

TO THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

BY ELIZABETH F. ELLET.

BIRD of the lone and joyless night,
Whence is thy sad and solemn lay?
Attendant on the pale moon's light,
Why shun the garish blaze of day?

When darkness fills the dewy air,
Nor sounds the song of happier bird,
Alone, amid the silence there,
Thy wild and plaintive note is heard.

Thyself unseen, thy pensive moan
Pour'd in no living comrade's ear,
The forest's shaded depths alone
Thy mournful melody can hear.

Beside what still and secret spring,
In what dark wood the livelong day,
Sett'st thou with dusk and folded wing,
To while the hours of light away?

Sad minstrel! thou hast learn'd, like me,
That life's deceitful gleam is vain;
And well the lesson profits thee,
Who will not trust its charm again.

Thou, unbeguiled, thy plaint dost trill
To listening night, when mirth is o'er:
I, heedless of the warning, still
Believe, to be deceived once more.

TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

Thou glorious mocker of the world! I hear
Thy many voices ringing through the glooms
Of these green solitudes—and all the clear,
Bright joyance of their song enthralls the ear
And floods the heart. Over the sphered tombs
Of vanish'd nations rolls thy music tide.
No light from history's starlike page illumes
The memory of those nations—they have died.
None cares for them but thou—and thou mayst sing,
Perhaps, o'er me—as now thy song doth ring
Over their bones by whom thou once wast deified.

Thou scorner of all cities! Thou dost leave
The world's turmoil and never-ceasing din,
Where one from other's no existence weaves,
Where the old sighs, the young turns gray and grieves,
Where misery gnaws the maiden's heart within:
And thou dost flee into the broad green woods,
And with thy soul of music thou dost win
Their heart to harmony—no jar intrudes
Upon thy sounding melody. Oh, where,
Amid the sweet musicians of the air,
Is one so dear as thee to these old solitudes?

Ha! what a burst was that! the Æolian strain
Goes floating through the tangled passages
Of the lone woods—and now it comes again—
A multitudinous melody—like a rain
Of glossy music under echoing trees,

Over a ringing lake ; it wraps the soul
 With a bright harmony of happiness—
 Even as a gem is wrapt, when round it roll
 Their waves of brilliant flame—till we become,
 Even with the excess of our deep pleasure, dumb,
 And pant like some swift runner clinging to the goal.

I cannot love the man who doth not love
 (Even as men love light,) the song of birds :
 For the first visions that my boy-heart wove,
 To fill its sleep with, were, that I did rove
 Amid the woods—what time the snowy herds
 Of morning cloud fled from the rising sun
 Into the depths of heaven's heart ; as words
 That from the poet's tongue do fall upon
 And vanish in the human heart ; and then
 I revel'd in those songs, and sorrow'd, when
 With noon-heat overwrought, the music's burst was done.

I would, sweet bird, that I might live with thee,
 Amid the eloquent grandeur of the shades,
 Alone with nature—but it may not be ;
 I have to struggle with the tumbling sea
 Of human life, until existence fades
 Into death's darkness. Thou wilt sing and soar
 Through the thick woods and shadow-checker'd glades,
 While nought of sorrow casts a dimness o'er
 The brilliance of thy heart—but I must wear,
 As now, my garmenting of pain and care—
 As penitents of old their galling sackcloth wore.

Yet why complain ?—What though fond hopes deferr'd
 Have overshadow'd Youth's green paths with gloom !
 Still, joy's rich music is not all unheard,—
 There is a voice sweeter than thine, sweet bird !

To welcome me, within my humble home;—
 There is an eye with love's devotion bright,
 The darkness of existence to illumine!
 Then why complain?—When death shall cast his blight
 Over the spirit, then my bones shall rest
 Beneath these trees—and from thy swelling breast,
 O'er them thy song shall pour like a rich flood of light.

MY CHILD.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

I CANNOT make him dead!
 His fair sunshiny head
 Is ever bounding round my study chair;
 Yet, when my eyes, now dim
 With tears I turn to him,
 The vision vanishes—he is not there!

I walk my parlour floor,
 And, through the open door,
 I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
 I'm stepping toward the hall
 To give the boy a call;
 And then bethink me that—he is not there!

I thread the crowded street;
 A satchel'd lad I meet,
 With the same beaming eyes and colour'd hair;
 And, as he's running by,
 Follow him with my eye,
 Scarcely believing that—he is not there!

I know his face is hid
 Under the coffin lid ;
 Closed are his eyes ; cold is his forehead ;
 My hand that marble felt ;
 O'er it in prayer I knelt ;
 Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there !

I cannot *make* him dead !
 When passing by the bed,
 So long watch'd over with parental care,
 My spirit and my eye
 Seek it inquiringly,
 Before the thought comes that—he is not there !

When, at the cool, gray break
 Of day, from sleep I wake,
 With my first breathing of the morning air
 My soul goes up, with joy,
 To Him who gave my boy,
 Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there !

When at the day's calm close,
 Before we seek repose,
 I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,
 Whate'er I may be *saying*,
 I am, in spirit, praying
 For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there !

Not there !—Where, then, is he ?
 The form I used to see
 Was but the *raiment* that he used to wear.
 The grave, that now doth press
 Upon that cast-off dress,
 Is but his wardrobe lock'd ;—*he* is not there !

He lives!—In all the past
 He lives; nor, to the last,
 Of seeing him again will I despair;
 In dreams I see him now;
 And, on his angel brow,
 I see it written, “Thou shalt see me *there!*”

Yes, we all live to God!
 FATHER, thy chastening rod
 So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
 That, in the spirit land,
 Meeting at thy right hand,
 ’T will be our heaven to find that—he is *there!*

LAKE SUPERIOR.

BY SAMUEL G. GOODRICH.

“FATHER OF LAKES!” thy waters bend
 Beyond the eagle’s utmost view,
 When, throned in heaven, he sees thee send
 Back to the sky its world of blue.

Boundless and deep, the forests weave
 Their twilight shade thy borders o’er,
 And threatening cliffs, like giants, heave
 Their rugged forms along thy shore.

Pale Silence, mid thy hollow caves,
 With listening ear, in sadness broods;
 Or startled Echo, o’er thy waves,
 Sends the hoarse wolf-notes of thy woods.

Nor can the light canoes, that glide
 Across thy breast like things of air,
Chase from thy lone and level tide
 The spell of stillness reigning there.

Yet round this waste of wood and wave,
 Unheard, unseen, a spirit lives,
That, breathing o'er each rock and cave,
 To all a wild, strange aspect gives.

The thunder-riven oak, that flings
 Its grisly arms athwart the sky,
A sudden, startling image brings
 To the lone traveler's kindled eye.

The gnarl'd and braided boughs, that show
 Their dim forms in the forest shade,
Like wrestling serpents seen, and throw
 Fantastic horrors through the glade.

The very echoes round this shore
 Have caught a strange and gibbering tone;
For they have told the war-whoop o'er,
 Till the wild chorus is their own.

Wave of the wilderness, adieu!
 Adieu, ye rocks, ye wilds and woods!
Roll on, thou element of blue,
 And fill these awful solitudes!

Thou hast no tale to tell of man—
 God is thy theme. Ye sounding caves—
Whisper of Him, whose mighty plan
 Deems as a bubble all your waves!

THE NOTES OF THE BIRDS.

BY I. M'LELLAN, JR.

WELL do I love those various harmonies
That ring so gayly in Spring's budding woods,
And in the thickets, and green, quiet haunts,
And lonely copses of the Summer-time,
And in red Autumn's ancient solitudes.

If thou art pain'd with the world's noisy stir,
Or crazed with its mad tumults, and weigh'd down
With any of the ills of human life ;
If thou art sick and weak, or mournest at the loss
Of brethren gone to that far-distant land
To which we all do pass, gentle and poor,
The gayest and the gravest, all alike,
Then turn into the peaceful woods, and hear
The thrilling music of the forest birds.

How rich the varied choir ! The unquiet finch
Calls from the distant hollows, and the wren
Uttereth her sweet and mellow plaint at times,
And the thrush mourneth where the kalmia hangs
Its crimson-spotted cups, or chirps, half hid
Amid the lowly dogwood's snowy flowers,
And the blue jay flits by, from tree to tree,
And, spreading its rich pinions, fills the ear
With its shrill-sounding and unsteady cry.

With the sweet airs of Spring, the robin comes,
And in her simple song there seems to gush
A strain of sorrow when she visiteth
Her last year's wither'd nest. But when the gloom
Of the deep twilight falls, she takes her perch

Upon the red-stemm'd hazel's slender twig,
That overhangs the brook, and suits her song
To the slow rivulet's inconstant chime.

In the last days of Autumn, when the corn
Lies sweet and yellow in the harvest field,
And the gay company of reapers bind
The bearded wheat in sheaves, then peals abroad
The blackbird's merry chant. I love to hear,
Bold plunderer, thy mellow burst of song
Float from thy watchplace on the mossy tree
Close at the cornfield edge.

Lone whip-poor-will,
There is much sweetness in thy fitful hymn,
Heard in the drowsy watches of the night.
Ofttimes, when all the village lights are out,
And the wide air is still, I hear thee chant
Thy hollow dirge, like some recluse who takes
His lodging in the wilderness of woods,
And lifts his anthem when the world is still :
And the dim, solemn night, that brings to man
And to the herds deep slumbers, and sweet dews
To the red roses and the herbs, doth find
No eye, save thine, a watcher in her halls.
I hear thee oft, at midnight, when the thrush
And the green, roving linnet are at rest,
And the blithe, twittering swallows have long ceased
Their noisy note, and folded up their wings.

Far up some brook's still course, whose current mines
The forest's blacken'd roots, and whose green marge
Is seldom visited by human foot,
The lonely heron sits, and harshly breaks
The Sabbath silence of the wilderness :
And you may find her by some reedy pool,
Or brooding gloomily on the time-stain'd rock,
Beside some misty and far-reaching lake.

Most awful is thy deep and heavy boom,
Gray watcher of the waters! Thou art king
Of the blue lake; and all the winged kind
Do fear the echo of thine angry cry.
How bright thy savage eye! Thou lookest down,
And seest the shining fishes as they glide;
And, poising thy gray wing, thy glossy beak
Swift as an arrow strikes its roving prey.
Oftimes I see thee, through the curling mist,
Dart like a spectre of the night, and hear
Thy strange, bewildering call, like the wild scream
Of one whose life is perishing in the sea.

And now, wouldst thou, O man! delight the ear
With earth's delicious sounds, or charm the eye
With beautiful creations? Then pass forth,
And find them mid those many-colour'd birds
That fill the glowing woods. The richest hues
Lie in their splendid plumage, and their tones
Are sweeter than the music of the lute,
Or the harp's melody, or the notes that gush
So thrillingly from Beauty's ruby lip.

TO A CITY PIGEON.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Stoop to my window, thou beautiful dove!
Thy daily visits have touch'd my love!
I watch thy coming, and list the note
That stirs so low in thy mellow throat,
And my joy is high
To catch the glance of thy gentle eye.

Why dost thou sit on the heated eaves,
 And forsake the wood with its freshen'd leaves?
 Why dost thou haunt the sultry street,
 When the paths of the forest are cool and sweet?
 How canst thou bear
 This noise of people—this sultry air?

Thou alone of the feather'd race
 Dost look unscared on the human face;
 Thou alone, with a wing to flee,
 Dost love with man in his haunts to be;
 And "the gentle dove"
 Has become a name for trust and love.

A holy gift is thine, sweet bird!
 Thou'rt named with childhood's earliest word!
 Thou'rt link'd with all that is fresh and wild
 In the prison'd thoughts of the city child,
 And thy glossy wings
 Are its brightest image of moving things.

It is no light chance. Thou art set apart,
 Wisely by Him who has tamed thy heart,
 To stir the love for the bright and fair
 That else were seal'd in this crowded air;
 I sometimes dream
 Angelic rays from thy pinions stream.

Come then, ever, when daylight leaves
 The page I read, to my humble eaves,
 And wash thy breast in the hollow spout,
 And murmur thy low sweet music out!
 I hear and see
 Lessons of Heaven, sweet bird, in thee!

HYMN OF NATURE.

BY W. B. O. FEABODY.

God of the earth's extended plains!
The dark green fields contented lie:
The mountains rise like holy towers,
Where man might commune with the sky;
The tall cliff challenges the storm
That lowers upon the vale below,
Where shaded fountains send their streams,
With joyous music in their flow.

God of the dark and heavy deep!
The waves lie sleeping on the sands,
Till the fierce trumpet of the storm
Hath summon'd up their thundering bands
Then the white sails are dash'd like foam,
Or hurry, trembling, o'er the seas,
Till, calm'd by thee, the sinking gale
Serenely breathes, Depart in peace.

God of the forest's solemn shade!
The grandeur of the lonely tree,
That wrestles singly with the gale,
Lifts up admiring eyes to thee;
But more majestic far they stand,
When, side by side, their ranks they form,
To wave on high their plumes of green,
And fight their battles with the storm.

God of the light and viewless air!
Where summer breezes sweetly flow,
Or, gathering in their airy might,
The fierce and wintry tempests blow;

All—from the evening's plaintive sigh,
That hardly lifts the drooping flower,
To the wild whirlwind's midnight cry—
Breathe forth the language of thy power.

God of the fair and open sky !
How gloriously above us springs
The tented dome, of heavenly blue,
Suspended on the rainbow's rings !
Each brilliant star that sparkles through,
Each gilded cloud that wanders free
In evening's purple radiance, gives
The beauty of its praise to thee.

God of the rolling orbs above !
Thy name is written clearly bright
In the warm day's unvarying blaze,
Or evening's golden shower of light.
For every fire that fronts the sun,
And every spark that walks alone
Around the utmost verge of heaven,
Were kindled at thy burning throne.

God of the world ! the hour must come,
And Nature's self to dust return ;
Her crumbling altars must decay ;
Her incense fires shall cease to burn ;
But still her grand and lovely scenes
Have made man's warmest praises flow ;
For hearts grow holier as they trace
The beauty of the world below.

THE WINDS.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

YE winds, ye unseen currents of the air,
Softly ye play'd a few brief hours ago ;
Ye bore the murmuring bee ; ye toss'd the hair
O'er maiden cheeks, that took a fresher glow ;
Ye roll'd the round, white cloud through depths of blue ;
Ye shook from faded flowers the lingering dew ;
Before you the catalpa's blossoms flew,
Light blossoms, dropping on the grass like snow.

How are ye changed ! Ye take the cataract's sound,
Ye take the whirlpool's fury in its might :
The mountain shudders as ye sweep the ground ;
The valley woods lie prone beneath your flight.
The clouds before you sweep like eagles past ;
The homes of men are rocking in your blast ;
Ye lift the roofs like autumn leaves, and cast,
Skyward, the whirling fragments out of sight.

The weary fowls of heaven make wing in vain,
To scape your wrath ; ye seize and dash them dead.
Against the earth ye drive the roaring rain ;
The harvest field becomes a river's bed ;
And torrents tumble from the hills around,
Plains turn to lakes, and villages are drown'd,
And wailing voices, midst the tempest's sound,
Rise, as the rushing floods close over head.

Ye dart upon the deep, and straight is heard
A wilder roar, and men grow pale and pray ;
Ye fling its waters round you, as a bird
Flings o'er his shivering plumes the fountain's spray.

See! to the breaking mast the sailor clings;
 Ye scoop the ocean to its briny springs,
 And take the mountain billow on your wings,
 And pile the wreck of navies round the bay.

Why rage ye thus?—no strife for liberty
 Has made you mad; no tyrant, strong through fear,
 Has chain'd your pinions, till ye wrench'd them free,
 And rush'd into the unmeasured atmosphere:
 For ye were born in freedom where ye blow;
 Free o'er the mighty deep to come and go;
 Earth's solemn woods were yours, her wastes of snow,
 Her isles where summer blossoms all the year.

O, ye wild winds! a mightier power than yours
 In chains upon the shores of Europe lies;
 The sceptred throng, whose fetters he endures,
 Watch his mute throes with terror in their eyes:
 And armed warriors all around him stand,
 And, as he struggles, tighten every band,
 And lift the heavy spear, with threatening hand,
 To pierce the victim, should he strive to rise.

Yet, O, when that wrong'd spirit of our race,
 Shall break, as soon he must, his long-worn chains,
 And leap in freedom from his prison-place,
 Lord of his ancient hills and fruitful plains,
 Let him not rise, like these mad winds of air,
 To waste the loveliness that time could spare,
 To fill the earth with woe, and blot her fair
 Unconscious breast with blood from human veins.

But may be, like the spring-time, come abroad,
 Who crumbles winter's gyves with gentle might,
 When in the genial breeze, the breath of God,
 Come spouting up the unseal'd springs to light;

Flowers start from their dark prisons at his feet,
The woods, long dumb, awake to hymnings sweet,
And morn and eve, whose glimmerings almost meet,
Crowd back to narrow bounds the ancient night.

EXCELSIOR.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village pass'd
A youth, who bore, mid snow and ice,
A banner, with the strange device,
Excelsior !

His brow was sad : his eye beneath
Flash'd like a faulchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung,
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior !

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright :
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior !

“ Try not the pass ! ” the old man said ;
“ Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide ! ”
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior !

“O stay,” the maiden said, “and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!”
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answer’d with a sigh,
Excelsior!

“Beware the pine-tree’s wither’d branch
Beware the awful avalanche!”
This was the peasant’s last good-night;
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Utter’d the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star!
Excelsior!

THE EXILE AT REST.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

His falchion flash'd along the Nile ;
His hosts he led through Alpine snows ;
O'er Moscow's towers, that shook the while,
His eagle flag unroll'd—and froze.

Here sleeps he now alone : not one
Of all the kings whose crowns he gave,
Nor sire, nor brother, wife, nor son,
Hath ever seen or sought his grave.

Here sleeps he now alone : the star
That led him on from crown to crown
Hath sunk ; the nations from afar
Gazed as it faded and went down.

He sleeps alone : the mountain cloud
That night hangs round him, and the breath
Of morning scatters, is the shroud
That wraps his martial form in death.

High is his couch : the ocean flood
Far, far below by storms is curl'd,
As round him heaved, while high he stood,
A stormy and inconstant world.

Hark ! Comes there from the Pyramids,
And from Siberia's wastes of snow,
And Europe's fields, a voice that bids
The world he awed to mourn him ? No :

The only, the perpetual dirge
That's heard there is the sea-bird's cry,
The mournful murmur of the surge,
The cloud's deep voice, the wind's low sigh.

THE DYING RAVEN.

BY R. H. DANA.

COME to these lonely woods to die alone ?
It seems not many days since thou wast heard,
From out the mists of spring, with thy shrill note,
Calling upon thy mates—and their clear answers.
The earth was brown, then ; and the infant leaves
Had not put forth to warm them in the sun,
Or play in the fresh air of heaven. Thy voice,
Shouting in triumph, told of winter gone,
And prophesying life to the seal'd ground,
Did make me glad with thoughts of coming beauties.
And now they're all around us ;—offspring bright
Of earth—a mother, who, with constant care,
Doth feed and clothe them all.—Now o'er her fields,
In blessed bands, or single, they are gone,
Or by her brooks they stand, and sip the stream ;
Or peering o'er it—vanity well feign'd—
In quaint approval seem to glow and nod
At their reflected graces. Morn to meet,
They in fantastic labours pass the night,
Catching its dews, and rounding silvery drops
To deck their bosoms. There, on high, bald trees,
From varnish'd cells some peep, and the old boughs
Make to rejoice and dance in warmer winds.
Over my head the winds and they make music ;
And, grateful, in return for what they take,
Bright hues and odours to the air they give.
Thus mutual love brings mutual delight—
Brings beauty, life ;—for love is life ;—hate, death.

Thou Prophet of so fair a revelation—
 Thou who abodest with us the winter long,
 Enduring cold or rain, and shaking oft,
 From thy dark mantle, falling sleet or snow—
 Thou, who with purpose kind, when warmer days
 Shone on the earth, mid thaw and steam, camest forth
 From rocky nook, or wood, thy priestly cell,
 To speak of comfort unto lonely man—
 Didst say to him—though seemingly alone
 Mid wastes and snows, and silent, lifeless trees,
 Or the more silent ground—it was not death,
 But nature's sleep and rest, her kind repair;—
 That Thou, albeit unseen, didst bear with him
 The winter's night, and, patient of the day,
 And cheer'd by hope, (instinct divine in Thee,)
 Waitedst return of summer.

More thou saidst,
 Thou Priest of Nature, Priest of God, to man!
 Thou spokest of faith (than instinct no less sure),
 Of spirits near him though he saw them not:
 Thou badest him ope his intellectual eye,
 And see his solitude all populous:
 Thou show'dst him Paradise, and deathless flowers;
 And didst him pray to listen to the flow
 Of living waters.

Preacher to man's spirit!
 Emblem of Hope! Companion! Comforter!
 Thou faithful one! is this thine end? 'T was thou,
 When summer birds were gone, and no form seen
 In the void air, who camest, living and strong,
 On thy broad, balanced pennons, through the winds
 And of thy long enduring, this the close!
 Thy kingly strength, thou conqueror of storms,
 Thus low brought down.

The year's mild, cheering dawn
 Upon thee shone a momentary light.
 The gales of spring upbore thee for a day,
 And then forsook thee. Thou art fallen now ;
 And liest among thy hopes and promises—
 Beautiful flowers, and freshly-springing blades,
 Gaspings thy life out. Here for thee the grass
 Tenderly makes a bed ; and the young buds
 In silence open their fair, painted folds—
 To ease thy pain, the one—to cheer thee, these.
 But thou art restless : and thy once keen eye
 Is dull and sightless now. New blooming boughs,
 Needlessly kind, have spread a tent for thee.
 Thy mate is calling to the white, piled clouds,
 And asks for thee. They answer give no back.
 As I look up to their bright, angel faces,
 Intelligent and capable of voice
 They seem to me. Their silence to my soul
 Comes ominous. The same to thee, doom'd bird,
 Silence or sound. For thee there is no sound,
 No silence.—Near thee stands the shadow, Death ;—
 And now he slowly draws his sable veil
 Over thine eyes ; thy senses softly lulls
 Into unconscious slumbers. The airy call
 Thou 'lt hear no longer ; 'neath sun-lighted clouds,
 With beating wing, or steady poise aslant,
 Wilt sail no more. Around thy trembling claws
 Droop thy wings' parting feathers. Spasms of death
 Are on thee.

Laid thus low by age ? Or is 't
 All-grudging man has brought thee to this end ?
 Perhaps the slender hair, so subtly wound
 Around the grain God gives thee for thy food,
 Has proved thy snare, and makes thine inward pain.

I needs must mourn for thee. For I—who have
No fields, nor gather into garners—I
Bear thee both thanks and love, not fear nor hate.

And now, farewell! The falling leaves, ere long,
Will give thee decent covering. Till then,
Thine own black plumage, that will now no more
Glance to the sun, nor flash upon my eyes,
Like armour of steel'd knight of Palestine,
Must be thy pall. Nor will it moult so soon
As sorrowing thoughts on those borne from him, fade
In living man.

Who scoffs these sympathies,
Makes mock of the divinity within;
Nor feels he gently breathing through his soul,
The universal spirit.—Hear it cry,
“How does thy pride abase thee, man, vain man!
How deaden thee to universal love,
And joy of kindred with all humble things—
God's creatures all!”

And surely it is so.
He who the lily clothes in simple glory,
He who doth hear the ravens cry for food,
Hath on our hearts, with hand invisible,
In signs mysterious, written what alone
Our *hearts* may read.—Death bring thee rest, poor bird.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

THE melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods,
And meadows brown and sear.
Heap'd in the hollows of the grove,
The wither'd leaves lie dead ;
They rustle to the eddying gust,
And to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown,
And from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow,
Through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
That lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs,
A beauteous sisterhood ?
Alas ! they all are in their graves ;
The gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds,
With the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie,
But the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth,
The lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet,
They perish'd long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died,
Amid the summer glow ;

But on the hill the golden-rod,
And the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook
In autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven,
As falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone,
From upland glade and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day,
As still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee
From out their winter home ;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
Though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light
The waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers
Whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood
And by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in
Her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up
And faded by my side ;
In the cold, moist earth we laid her,
When the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely
Should have a life so brief :
Yet not unmeet it was that one,
Like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful,
Should perish with the flowers.

“PASS ON, RELENTLESS WORLD.”

BY GEORGE LUNT.

SWIFTER and swifter, day by day,
Down Time's unquiet current hurl'd,
Thou passest on thy restless way,
Tumultuous and unstable world!
Thou passest on! Time hath not seen
Delay upon thy hurried path;
And prayers and tears alike have been
In vain to stay thy course of wrath!

Thou passest on, and with thee go
The loves of youth, the cares of age;
And smiles and tears, and joy and woe,
Are on thy history's troubled page!
There, every day, like yesterday,
Writes hopes that end in mockery;
But who shall tear the veil away
Before the abyss of things to be?

Thou passest on, and at thy side,
Even as a shade, Oblivion treads,
And o'er the dreams of human pride
His misty shroud for ever spreads;
Where all thine iron hand hath traced
Upon that gloomy scroll to-day,
With records ages since effaced,—
Like them shall live, like them decay.

Thou passest on, with thee the vain,
 Who sport upon thy flaunting blaze,
 Pride, framed of dust and folly's train,
 Who court thy love, and run thy ways:
 But thou and I,—and be it so,—
 Press onward to eternity;
 Yet not together let us go
 To that deep-voiced but shoreless sea.

Thou hast thy friends,—I would have mine;
 Thou hast thy thoughts,—leave me my own:
 I kneel not at thy gilded shrine,
 I bow not at thy slavish throne;
 I see them pass without a sigh,—
 They wake no swelling raptures now,
 The fierce delights that fire thine eye,
 The triumphs of thy haughty brow.

Pass on, relentless world! I grieve
 No more for all that thou hast riven;
 Pass on, in God's name, only leave
 The things thou never yet hast given—
 A heart at ease, a mind at home,
 Affections fix'd above thy sway,
 Faith set upon a world to come,
 And patience through life's little day.

OLD IRONSIDES.*

BY OLIVER W. HOLMES.

Ay, tear her tatter'd ensign down!
 Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
 That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle-shout,
 And burst the cannon's roar;
The meteor of the ocean air
 Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
 Where knelt the vanquish'd foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
 And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
 Or know the conquer'd knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
 The eagle of the sea!

O, better that her shatter'd hulk
 Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
 And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
 Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,—
 The lightning and the gale!

* Written when it was proposed to break up the frigate Constitution, as unfit for service.

THE PLEASURE BOAT.

BY R. H. DANA.

COME, hoist the sail, the fast let go!
They're seated side by side;
Wave chases wave in pleasant flow:
The bay is fair and wide.

The ripples lightly tap the boat.
Loose!—give her to the wind!
She shoots ahead:—They're all afloat:
The strand is far behind.

No danger reach so fair a crew!
Thou goddess of the foam,
I'll ever pay thee worship due,
If thou wilt bring them home.

Fair ladies, fairer than the spray
The prow is dashing wide,
Soft breezes take you on your way,
Soft flow the blessed tide!

O, might I like those breezes be,
And touch that arching brow,
I'd toil for ever on the sea
Where ye are floating now.

The boat goes tilting on the waves;
The waves go tilting by;
There dips the duck;—her back she laves;
O'er head the sea-gulls fly.

Now, like the gulls that dart for prey,
The little vessel stoops;
Now rising, shoots along her way,
Like them, in easy swoops.

The sun-light falling on her sheet,
 It glitters like the drift
 Sparkling in scorn of summer's heat,
 High up some mountain rift.

The winds are fresh ; she's driving fast
 Upon the bending tide,
 The crinkling sail, and crinkling mast,
 Go with her side by side.

Why dies the breeze away so soon ?
 Why hangs the pennant down ?
 The sea is glass ; the sun at noon.
 —Nay, lady, do not frown ;

For, see, the winged fisher's plume
 Is painted on the sea :
 Below, a cheek of lovely bloom.
 —Whose eyes look up at thee ?

She smiles ; thou needs must smile on her.
 And, see, beside her face
 A rich, white cloud that doth not stir.—
 What beauty, and what grace !

And pictured beach of yellow sand,
 And peaked rock, and hill,
 Change the smooth sea to fairy land.—
 How lovely and how still !

From that far isle the thresher's flail
 Strikes close upon the ear ;
 The leaping fish, the swinging sail
 Of yonder sloop sound near.

PENTUCKET.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

How sweetly on the wood-girt town
The mellow light of sunset shone!
Each small, bright lake, whose waters still
Mirror the forest and the hill,
Reflected from its waveless breast,
The beauty of a cloudless west,
Glorious as if a glimpse were given
Within the western gates of Heaven,
Left, by the spirit of the star
Of sunset's holy hour, ajar!

Beside the river's tranquil flood
The dark and low-wall'd dwellings stood,
Where many a rood of open land
Stretch'd up and down on either hand,
With corn-leaves waving freshly green
The thick and blacken'd stumps between;
Behind, unbroken, deep and dread,
The wild, untravel'd forest spread,
Back to those mountains, white and cold,
Of which the Indian trapper told,
Upon whose summits never yet
Was mortal foot in safety set.

Quiet and calm, without a fear
Of danger darkly lurking near,
The weary labourer left his plough—
The milk-maid carol'd by her cow—
From cottage-door and household hearth
Rose songs of joy or tones of mirth.

At length the murmur died away,
 And silence on that village lay.—
 So slept Pompeii, tower and hall,
 Ere the quick earthquake swallow'd all,
 Undreaming of the fiery fate
 Which made its dwellings desolate.

Hours pass'd away. By moonlight sped
 The Merrimac along his bed.
 Bathed in the pallid lustre, stood
 Dark cottage-wall, and rock and wood,
 Silent, beneath that tranquil beam,
 As the hush'd grouping of a dream.
 Yet on the still air crept a sound—
 No bark of fox—no rabbit's bound—
 No stir of wings—nor waters flowing—
 Nor leaves in midnight breezes blowing.

Was that the tread of many feet,
 Which downward from the hill-side beat?
 What forms were those which darkly stood
 Just on the margin of the wood?—
 Charr'd tree-stumps in the moonlight dim,
 Or paling rude, or lifeless limb?
 No—through the trees fierce eyeballs glow'd,
 Dark human forms in moonshine show'd,
 Wild from their native wilderness,
 With painted limbs and battle-dress!

A yell, the dead might wake to hear,
 Swell'd on the night air, far and clear—
 Then smote the Indian tomahawk
 On crashing door and shattering lock—
 Then rang the rifle-shot—and then
 The shrill death-scream of stricken men—

Sunk the red axe in woman's brain,
And childhood's cry arose in vain—
Bursting through roof and window came,
Red, fast, and fierce, the kindled flame ;
And blended fire and moonlight glared
Over dead corse and weapons bared.

The morning sun look'd brightly through
The river-willows, wet with dew.
No sound of combat fill'd the air,
No shout was heard,—nor gun-shot there :
Yet still the thick and sullen smoke
From smouldering ruins slowly broke ;
And on the green sward many a stain,
And, here and there, the mangled slain,
Told how that midnight bolt had sped,
Pentucket, on thy fated head !

E'en now, the villager can tell
Where Rolfe beside his hearth-stone fell,
Still show the door of wasting oak
Through which the fatal death-shot broke,
And point the curious stranger where
De Rouville's corse lay grim and bare—
Whose hideous head, in death still fear'd,
Bore not a trace of hair or beard—
And still, within the churchyard ground,
Heaves darkly up the ancient mound,
Whose grass-grown surface overlies
The victims of that sacrifice.

ODE TO THE MOON.

BY ROBERT M. BIRD.

O MELANCHOLY Moon,
Queen of the midnight, though thou palest away
Far in the dusky west, to vanish soon
Under the hills that catch thy waning ray,
Still art thou beautiful beyond all spheres,
The friend of grief, and confidant of tears.

Mine earliest friend wert thou ;
My boyhood's passion was to stretch me under
The locust tree, and, through the checker'd bough,
Watch thy far pathway in the clouds, and wonder
At thy strange loveliness, and wish to be
The nearest star to roam the heavens with thee.

Youth grew ; but as it came,
And sadness with it, still, with joy, I stole
To gaze, and dream, and breathe perchance the name
That was the early music of my soul,
And seem'd upon thy pictured disk to trace
Remember'd features of a radiant face.

And manhood, though it bring
A winter to my bosom, cannot turn
Mine eyes from thy lone loveliness ; still spring
My tears to meet thee, and the spirit stern
Falters, in secret, with the ancient thrill—
The boyish yearning to be with thee still.

LIBRARY



THE TE. MICHIGAN.

Would it were so ; for earth
Grows shadowy, and her fairest planets fail ;
And her sweet chimes, that once were woke to mirth,
Turn to a moody melody of wail,
And through her stony throngs I go alone,
Even with the heart I cannot turn to stone.

Would it were so ; for still
Thou art my only counsellor, with whom
Mine eyes can have no bitter shame to fill,
Nor my weak lips to murmur at the doom
Of solitude, which is so sad and sore,
Weighing like lead upon my bosom's core.

A boyish thought, and weak :—
I shall look up to thee from the deep sea,
And in the land of palms, and on the peak
Of her wild hills, still turn my eyes to thee ;
And then perhaps lie down in solemn rest,
With nought but thy pale beams upon my breast.

Let it be so indeed !
Earth hath her peace beneath the trampled stone ;
And let me perish where no heart shall bleed,
And nought, save passing winds, shall make my moan,
No tears, save night's, to wash my humble shrine,
And watching o'er me, no pale face but thine.

MORNING HYMN.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

“LET THERE BE LIGHT!” The Eternal spoke,
And from the abyss where darkness rode
The earliest dawn of nature broke,
And light around creation flowed.
The glad earth smiled to see the day,
The first-born day, come blushing in ;
The young day smiled to shed its ray
Upon a world untouch'd by sin.

“Let there be light!” O'er heaven and earth,
The God who first the day-beam pour'd,
Utter'd again his fiat forth,
And shed the gospel's light abroad.
And, like the dawn, its cheering rays
On rich and poor were meant to fall,
Inspiring their Redeemer's praise,
In lowly cot and lordly hall.

Then come, when in the orient first
Flashes the signal light for prayer ;
Come with the earliest beams that burst
From God's bright throne of glory there.
Come kneel to Him, who through the night
Hath watch'd above thy sleeping soul,
To Him whose mercies, like his light,
Are shed abroad from pole to pole.

DEATH AND LIFE.

BY LUCY HOOPER.

Nor unto thee, O pale and radiant Death!
Not unto thee, though every hope be past,
Though Life's first, sweetest stars may shine no more,
Nor earth again one cherish'd dream restore,
Or from the bright urn of the future cast
Aught, aught of joy on me.

Yet unto thee, O monarch robed and crown'd,
And beautiful in all thy sad array,
I bring no incense, though the heart be chill,
And to the eyes, that tears alone may fill,
Shines not as once the wonted light of day,

Still upon another shrine my vows
Shall all be duly paid, and though thy voice
Is full of music to the pining heart,
And woos one to that pillow of calm rest,
Where all Life's dull and restless thoughts depart,
Still, not to thee, O Death!

I pay my vows, though now to me thy brow
Seems crown'd with roses of the summer prime,
And to the aching sense thy voice would be,
O Death! O Death! of softest melody,
And gentle ministries alone were thine,
Still I implore thee not.

But thou, O Life! O Life! the searching test
Of the weak heart! to thee, to thee I bow:
And if the fire upon the altar shrine
Descend, and scathe each glowing hope of mine,
Still may my heart as now
Turn not from that dread test.

But let me pay my vows to thee, O Life!
And let me hope that from that glowing fire
There yet may be redeem'd a gold more pure
And bright, and eagle thoughts to mount and soar
Their flight the higher,
Released from earthly hope, or earthly fear.

This, this, O Life! be mine.
Let others strive thy glowing wreaths to bind—
Let others seek thy false and dazzling gleams,
For me their light went out on early streams,
And faded were thy roses in my grasp,
No more, no more to bloom.

Yet as the stars, the holy stars of night,
Shine out when all is dark,
So would I, cheer'd by hopes more purely bright,
Tread still the thorny path whose close is light,
If, but at last, the toss'd and weary bark
Gains the sure haven of her final rest.

TO A WATERFOWL.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way!

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fann'd,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy shelter'd nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
 Hath swallow'd up thy form; yet on my heart
 Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
 And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
 Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
 In the long way that I must tread alone,
 Will lead my steps aright.

THE BROTHERS.

BY C. SPRAGUE.

WE ARE BUT TWO—the others sleep
 Through death's untroubled night;
 We are but two—O, let us keep
 The link that binds us bright.

Heart leaps to heart—the sacred flood
 That warms us is the same;
 That good old man—his honest blood
 Alike we fondly claim.

We in one mother's arms were lock'd—
 Long be her love repaid;
 In the same cradle we were rock'd,
 Round the same hearth we play'd.

Our boyish sports were all the same,
 Each little joy and woe;—
 Let manhood keep alive the flame,
 Lit up so long ago.

WE ARE BUT TWO—be that the band
 To hold us till we die;
 Shoulder to shoulder let us stand,
 Till side by side we lie.

THE FATHER'S DEATH.

BY H. R. JACKSON.

As die the embers on the hearth,
And o'er the floor the shadows fall,
And creeps the chirping cricket forth,
And ticks the death-watch in the wall—
I see a form in yonder chair,
That grows beneath the waning light—
There are the wan, sad features—there,
The pallid brow, and locks of white !
My FATHER ! when they laid thee down,
And heap'd the clay upon thy breast,
And left thee sleeping all alone
Upon thy narrow couch of rest—
I know not why, I could not weep—
The soothing drops refused to roll,
And oh ! that grief is wild and deep,
Which settles tearless on the soul !
But when I saw thy vacant chair—
Thine idle hat upon the wall—
Thy book—the pencil'd passage where
Thine eye had rested last of all ;
The tree, beneath whose friendly shade,
Thy trembling feet had wander'd forth—
The very prints those feet had made
When last they feebly trod the earth ;
And thought, while countless ages fled,
Thy vacant seat would vacant stand—
Unworn thy hat, thy book unread,
Effaced thy footsteps from the sand—

And widow'd in this cheerless world,
 The heart that gave its love to thee—
 Torn, like a vine whose tendrils curl'd
 More closely round the falling tree!—

Oh! Father, *then*, for her and thee,
 Gush'd madly forth the scorching tears,
 And oft, and long, and bitterly,
 Those tears have gush'd in later years;
 For as the world grows cold around,
 And things take on their real hue,
 'Tis sad to learn that love is found
 Alone above the stars with you!

"ARE WE NOT EXILES HERE?"

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

ARE we not exiles here?
 Come there not o'er us memories of a clime
 More genial and more dear
 Than this of time?

When deep vague wishes press
 Upon the soul and prompt it to aspire,
 A mystic loneliness,
 And wild desire;

When our long-baffled zeal
 Turns back in mockery on the weary heart,
 Till, at the sad appeal,
 Dismay'd we start;

And like the Deluge dove,
Outflown upon the world's cold sea we lie,
And all our dreams of love
In anguish die ?

Nature no more endears ;
Her blissful strains seem only breathed afar,
Nor mount, nor flower cheers,
Nor smiling star.

Familiar things grow strange ;
Fond hopes like tendrils shooting to the air,
Through friendless being range,
To meet despair.

And, nursed by secret tears,
Rich but frail visions in the heart have birth
And this fair world appears
A homeless earth.

Then must we summon back
Blest guides, who long ago have met the strife
And left a radiant track
To mark their life.

Then must we look around
On heroes' deeds—the landmarks of the brave,
And hear their cheers resound
From off the wave.

Then must we turn from show,
Pleasure and fame, the phantom race of care,
And let our spirits flow
In earnest prayer.

THE MERRIMACK.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

STREAM of my fathers! sweetly still
The sunset rays thy valley fill ;
Pour'd slantwise down the long defile,
Wave, wood, and spire beneath them smile.
I see the winding Powow fold
The green hill in its belt of gold,
And following down its wavy line,
Its sparkling waters blend with thine.
There's not a tree upon thy side,
Nor rock, which thy returning tide
As yet hath left abrupt and stark
Above thy evening water-mark ;
No calm cove with its rocky hem,
No isle whose emerald swells begem
Thy broad, smooth current ; not a sail
Bow'd to the freshening ocean gale ;
No small boat with its busy oars,
Nor gray wall sloping to thy shores ;
Nor farm-house with its maple shade,
Or rigid poplar colonnade,
But lies distinct and full in sight,
Beneath this gush of sunset light.
Centuries ago, that harbour-bar,
Stretching its length of foam afar,
And Salisbury's beach of shining sand,
And yonder island's wave-smooth'd strand,
Saw the adventurer's tiny sail
Flit, stooping from the eastern gale ;

And o'er these woods and waters broke
The cheer from Britain's hearts of oak,
As, brightly on the voyager's eye,
Weary of forest, sea, and sky,
Breaking the dull continuous wood;
The Merrimack roll'd down his flood;
Mingling that clear pellucid brook
Which channels vast Agiochook—
When spring-time's sun and shower unlock
The frozen fountains of the rock,
And more abundant waters given
From that pure lake, 'The Smile of Heaven,'
Tributes from vale and mountain side—
With ocean's dark, eternal tide!

On yonder rocky cape, which braves
The stormy challenge of the waves,
Midst tangled vine and dwarfish wood,
The hardy Anglo-Saxon stood,
Planting upon the topmost crag
The staff of England's battle-flag;
And, while from out its heavy fold
Saint George's crimson cross unroll'd,
Midst roll of drum and trumpet blare,
And weapons brandishing in air,
He gave to that lone promontory
The sweetest name in all his story;
Of her, the flower of Islam's daughters,
Whose harems look on Stamboul's waters—
Who, when the chance of war had bound
The Moslem chain his limbs around,
Wreath'd o'er with silk that iron chain,
Sooth'd with her smiles his hours of pain,
And fondly to her youthful slave
A dearer gift than freedom gave.

But look!—the yellow light no more
Streams down on wave and verdant shore;
And clearly on the calm air swells
The distant voice of twilight bells.
From Ocean's bosom, white and thin
The mists come slowly rolling in;
Hills, woods, the river's rocky rim,
Amidst the sea-like vapour swim,
While yonder lonely coast-light set
Within its wave-wash'd minaret,
Half quench'd, a beamless star and pale,
Shines dimly through its cloudy veil!

Vale of my fathers!—I have stood
Where Hudson roll'd his lordly flood;
Seen sunrise rest and sunset fade
Along his frowning Palisade;
Look'd down the Appalachian peak
On Juniata's silver streak;
Have seen along his valley gleam
The Mohawk's softly-winding stream;
The setting sun, his axle red
Quench darkly in Potomac's bed;
And autumn's rainbow-tinted banner
Hang lightly o'er the Susquehanna;
Yet, wheresoe'er his step might be,
Thy wandering child look'd back to thee
Heard in his dreams thy river's sound
Of murmuring on its pebbly bound,
The unforgotten swell and roar
Of waves on thy familiar shore;
And seen amidst the curtain'd gloom
And quiet of my lonely room,
Thy sunset scenes before me pass;
As, in Agrippa's magic glass,

The loved and lost arose to view,
 Remember'd groves in greenness grew ;
 And, while the gazer lean'd to trace,
 More near, some old familiar face,
 He wept to find the vision flown—
 A phantom and a dream alone !

A WINTER MORNING.

BY ANDREWS NORTON.

THE keen, clear air—the splendid sight—
 We waken to a world of ice ;
 Where all things are enshrined in light,
 As by some genie's quaint device.

'T is winter's jubilee—this day
 His stores their countless treasures yield ;
 See how the diamond glances play,
 In ceaseless blaze, from tree and field.

The cold, bare spot where late we ranged,
 The naked woods are seen no more ;
 This earth to fairy land is changed,
 With glittering silver sheeted o'er.

A shower of gems is strew'd around ;
 The flowers of winter, rich and rare ;
 Rubies and sapphires deck the ground,
 The topaz, emerald, all are there.

The morning sun, with cloudless rays,
 His powerless splendour round us streams ;
 From crusted boughs, and twinkling sprays,
 Fly back unloosed the rainbow beams.

With more than summer's beauty fair,
The trees in winter's garb are shown;
What a rich halo melts in air,
Around their crystal branches thrown!

And yesterday—how changed the view
From what then charm'd us; when the sky
Hung, with its dim and watery hue,
O'er all the soft, still prospect nigh.

The distant groves, array'd in white,
Might then like things unreal seem,
Just shown a while in silvery light,
The fictions of a poet's dream;

Like shadowy groves upon that shore
O'er which Elysium's twilight lay,
By bards and sages famed of yore,
Ere broke on earth heaven's brighter day.

O, God of Nature! with what might
Of beauty, shower'd on all below,
Thy guiding power would lead aright
Earth's wanderer all thy love to know!

THE BUGLE.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEEN.

O WILD, enchanting horn !
Whose music up the deep and dewy air
Swells to the clouds, and calls on Echo there,
Till a new melody is born—

Wake, wake again, the night
Is bending from her throne of beauty down,
With still stars burning on her azure crown,
Intense and eloquently bright.

Night, at its pulseless noon !
When the far voice of waters mourns in song
And some tired watch-dog, lazily and long
Barks at the melancholy moon.

Hark ! how it sweeps away,
Soaring and dying on the silent sky,
As if some sprite of sound went wandering by
With lone halloo and roundelay !

Swell, swell in glory out !
Thy tones come pouring on my leaping heart,
And my stirr'd spirit hears thee with a start,
As boyhood's old remember'd shout.

O ! have ye heard that peal,
From sleeping city's moon-bathed battlements,
Or from the guarded field and warrior tents,
Like some near breath around you steal ?

Or have ye in the roar
 Of sea, or storm, or battle, heard it rise,
 Shriller than eagle's clamour, to the skies,
 Where wings and tempests never soar ?

Go, go—no other sound,
 No music that of air or earth is born,
 Can match the mighty music of that horn,
 On midnight's fathomless profound !

SEASONS OF PRAYER.

BY HENRY WARE, JR.

To prayer, to prayer ;—for the morning breaks,
 And earth in her Maker's smile awakes.
 His light is on all below and above,
 The light of gladness, and life, and love.
 O, then, on the breath of this early air,
 Send up the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer ;—for the glorious sun is gone,
 And the gathering darkness of night comes on.
 Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,
 To shade the couch where his children repose.
 Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
 And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of night.

To prayer ;—for the day that God has bless'd
 Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest.
 It speaks of creation's early bloom ;
 It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb.
 Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
 And devote to Heaven the hallow'd hours.

There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,
For her new-born infant beside her lies.
O, hour of bliss! when the heart o'erflows
With rapture a mother only knows.
Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer;
Let it swell up to heaven for her precious care.

There are smiles and tears in that gathering band,
Where the heart is pledged with the trembling hand.
What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,
As the bride bids parents and home farewell!
Kneel down by the side of the tearful fair,
And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.

Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,
And pray for his soul through Him who died.
Large drops of anguish are thick on his brow—
O, what is earth and its pleasures now!
And what shall assuage his dark despair,
But the penitent cry of humble prayer?

Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,
And hear the last words the believer saith.
He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends;
There is peace in his eye that upward bends;
There is peace in his calm, confiding air;
For his last thoughts are God's, his last words prayer.

The voice of prayer at the sable bier!
A voice to sustain, to sooth, and to cheer.
It commends the spirit to God who gave;
It lifts the thoughts from the cold, dark grave;
It points to the glory where he shall reign,
Who whisper'd, "Thy brother shall rise again."

The voice of prayer in the world of bliss!
 But gladder, purer, than rose from this.
 The ransom'd shout to their glorious King,
 Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing;
 But a sinless and joyous song they raise;
 And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

Awake, awake, and gird up thy strength
 To join that holy band at length.
 To him who unceasing love displays,
 Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise,
 To Him thy heart and thy hours be given;
 For a life of prayer is the life of heaven.

WINTER.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

I DEEM thee not unlovely, though thou comest
 With a stern visage. To the tuneful bird,
 The blushing floweret, the rejoicing stream,
 Thy discipline is harsh. But unto man
 Methinks thou hast a kindlier ministry.
 Thy lengthen'd eve is full of fireside joys,
 And deathless linking of warm heart to heart,
 So that the hoarse storm passes by unheard.
 Earth, robed in white, a peaceful Sabbath holds,
 And keepeth silence at her Maker's feet.
 She ceaseth from the harrowing of the plough,
 And from the harvest-shouting. Man should rest
 Thus from his fever'd passions, and exhale
 The unbreathed carbon of his festering thought,
 And drink in holy health. As the toss'd bark

Doth seek the shelter of some quiet bay
To trim its shatter'd cordage, and restore
Its riven sails—so should the toil-worn mind
Refit for time's rough voyage. Man, perchance,
Sour'd by the world's sharp commerce, or impair'd
By the wild wanderings of his summer way,
Turns like a truant scholar to his home,
And yields his nature to sweet influences
That purify and save. The ruddy boy
Comes with his shouting school-mates from their sport,
On the smooth, frozen lake, as the first star
Hangs, pure and cold, its twinkling cresset forth,
And, throwing off his skates with boisterous glee,
Hastes to his mother's side. Her tender hand
Doth shake the snow-flakes from his glossy curls,
And draw him nearer, and with gentle voice
Asks of his lessons, while her lifted heart
Solicits silently the Sire of Heaven
To "bless the lad." The timid infant learns
Better to love its sire—and longer sits
Upon his knee, and with a velvet lip
Prints on his brow such language, as the tongue
Hath never spoken. Come thou to life's feast
With dove-eyed meekness, and bland charity,
And thou shalt find even Winter's rugged blasts
The minstrel teacher of thy well-tuned soul,
And when the last drop of its cup is drain'd—
Arising with a song of praise—go up
To the eternal banquet.

“GOOD-BYE, PROUD WORLD!”

BY R. W. EMERSON.

GOOD-BYE, proud world! I'm going home;
Thou art not my friend; I am not thine;
Too long through weary crowds I roam—
A river ark on the ocean brine,
Too long I am toss'd like the driven foam—
But now, proud world, I'm going home.

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face;
To Grandeur with his wise grimace:
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
To supple office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street,
To frozen hearts, and hasting feet,
To those who go, and those who come,—
Good-bye, proud world, I'm going home.

I go to seek my own hearth-stone
Bosom'd in yon green hills alone;
A secret lodge in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies plann'd,
Where arches green, the livelong day
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And evil men have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I mock at the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretch'd beneath the pines
Where the evening star so holy shines,

I laugh at the lore and pride of man,
At the sophist schools, and the learned clan ;
For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet ?

LOOK ALOFT.

BY JONATHAN LAWRENCE.

IN the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart,
“ Look aloft ! ” and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

If the friend who embraced in prosperity’s glow,
With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are array’d,
“ Look aloft ” to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,
Then turn, and through tears of repentant regret,
“ Look aloft ” to the Sun that is never to set.

Should they who are dearest, the son of thy heart,
The wife of thy bosom, in sorrow depart,
“ Look aloft ” from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To that soil where affection is ever in bloom.

And oh ! when death comes in his terrors, to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart
And a smile in thine eye, “ look aloft ” and depart.

WEEHAWKEN.

BY R. C. SANDS.

EVE o'er our path is stealing fast ;
Yon quivering splendours are the last
The sun will fling, to tremble o'er
The waves that kiss the opposing shore ;
His latest glories fringe the height
Behind us with their golden light.

The mountain's mirror'd outline fades
Amid the fast-extending shades ;
Its shaggy bulk, in sterner pride,
Towers, as the gloom steals o'er the tide ;
For the great stream a bulwark meet
That leaves its rock-encumber'd feet.

River and mountain ! though to song
Not yet, perchance, your names belong ;
Those who have loved your evening hues
Will ask not the recording muse
What antique tales she can relate,
Your banks and steeps to consecrate.

Yet, should the stranger ask, what lore
Of by-gone days, this winding shore,
Yon cliffs and fir-clad steeps could tell,
If vocal made by Fancy's spell,—
The varying legend might rehearse
Fit themes for high, romantic verse.

O'er yon rough heights and moss-clad sod,
Oft hath the stalworth warrior trod ;
Or peer'd, with hunter's gaze, to mark
The progress of the glancing bark.
Spoils, strangely won on distant waves,
Have lurk'd in yon obstructed caves.

When the great strife for Freedom rose,
Here scouted oft her friends and foes,
Alternate, through the changeful war,
And beacon-fires flash'd bright and far ;
And here, when Freedom's strife was won,
Fell, in sad feud, her favour'd son ; —*

Her son,—the second of the band,
The Romans of the rescued land.
Where round yon capes the banks ascend,
Long shall the pilgrim's footsteps bend ;
There, mirthful hearts shall pause to sigh,
There, tears shall dim the patriot's eye.

There last he stood. Before his sight
Flow'd the fair river, free and bright ;
The rising mart, and isles, and bay,
Before him in their glory lay,—
Scenes of his love and of his fame,—
The instant ere the death-shot came.

* ALEXANDER HAMILTON, murdered by AARON BURR.

THE GOBLET OF LIFE.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

FILL'D is Life's goblet to the brim ;
And though my eyes with tears are dim
I see its sparkling bubbles swim,
And chant a melancholy hymn
With solemn voice and slow.

No purple flowers,—no garlands green,
Conceal the goblet's shade or sheen,
Nor maddening draughts of Hippocrene,
Like gleams of sunshine, flash between
Thick leaves of misletoe.

This goblet, wrought with curious art,
Is fill'd with waters, that upstart,
When the deep fountains of the heart,
By strong convulsions rent apart,
Are running all to waste.

And as it mantling passes round,
With fennel is it wreath'd and crown'd,
Whose seed and foliage sun-imbrown'd
Are in its waters steep'd and drown'd,
And give a bitter taste.

Above the lowly plants it towers,
The fennel, with its yellow flowers,
And in an earlier age than ours
Was gifted with the wondrous powers,
Lost vision to restore.

It gave new strength, and fearless mood ;
And gladiators, fierce and rude,
Mingled it in their daily food ;
And he who battled and subdued,
 A wreath of fennel wore.

Then in Life's goblet freely press
The leaves that give it bitterness,
Nor prize the colour'd waters less,
For in thy darkness and distress
 New light and strength they give !

And he who has not learn'd to know
How false its sparkling bubbles show,
How bitter are the drops of woe,
With which its brim may overflow,
 He has not learn'd to live.

The prayer of Ajax was for light ;
Through all that dark and desperate fight,
The blackness of that noonday night,
He ask'd but the return of sight,
 To see his foeman's face.

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer
Be, too, for light,—for strength to bear
Our portion of the weight of care,
That crushes into dumb despair
 One half the human race.

O suffering, sad humanity !
O ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steep'd to the lips in misery,
Longing, and yet afraid to die,
 Patient, though sorely tried !

I pledge you in this cup of grief,
 Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf!
 The Battle of our Life is brief,
 The alarm,—the struggle,—the relief,—
 Then sleep we side by side.

LINES ON LEAVING EUROPE.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

BRIGHT flag at yonder tapering mast,
 Fling out your field of azure blue ;
 Let star and stripe be westward cast,
 And point as Freedom's eagle flew !
 Strain home ! O lithe and quivering spars !
 Point home, my country's flag of stars !

The wind blows fair, the vessel feels
 The pressure of the rising breeze,
 And, swiftest of a thousand keels,
 She leaps to the careering seas !
 O, fair, fair cloud of snowy sail,
 In whose white breast I seem to lie,
 How oft, when blew this eastern gale,
 I've seen your semblance in the sky,
 And long'd, with breaking heart, to flee
 On such white pinions o'er the sea !

Adieu, O lands of fame and eld !
 I turn to watch our foamy track,
 And thoughts with which I first beheld
 Yon clouded line, come hurrying back ;
 My lips are dry with vague desire,
 My cheek once more is hot with joy ;

My pulse, my brain, my soul on fire !
 O, what has changed that traveler-boy !
 As leaves the ship this dying foam,
 His visions fade behind—his weary heart speeds home !

Adieu, O soft and southern shore,
 Where dwelt the stars long miss'd in heaven ;
 Those forms of beauty, seen no more,
 Yet once to Art's rapt vision given !
 O, still the enamour'd sun delays,
 And pries through fount and crumbling fane,
 To win to his adoring gaze
 Those children of the sky again !
 Irradiate beauty, such as never
 That light on other earth hath shone,
 Hath made this land her home for ever ;
 And, could I live for this alone,
 Were not my birthright brighter far
 Than such voluptuous slave's can be ;
 Held not the west one glorious star,
 New-born and blazing for the free,
 Soar'd not to heaven our eagle yet,
 Rome, with her helot sons, should teach me to forget !

Adieu, O, fatherland ! I see
 Your white cliffs on the horizon's rim,
 And, though to freer skies I flee,
 My heart swells, and my eyes are dim !
 As knows the dove the task you give her,
 When loosed upon a foreign shore ;
 As spreads the rain-drop in the river
 In which it may have flow'd before—
 To England, over vale and mountain,
 My fancy flew from climes more fair,
 My blood, that knew its parent fountain,
 Ran warm and fast in England's air.

My mother! in thy prayer to-night
 There come new words and warmer tears!
 On long, long darkness breaks the light,
 Comes home the loved, the lost for years!
 Sleep safe, O wave-worn mariner,
 Fear not, to-night, or storm or sea!
 The ear of heaven bends low to *her!*
 He comes to shore who sails with me!
 The wind-toss'd spider needs no token
 How stands the tree when lightnings blaze:
 And, by a thread from heaven unbroken,
 I know my mother lives and prays!

Dear mother! when our lips can speak,
 When first our tears will let us see,
 When I can gaze upon thy cheek,
 And thou, with thy dear eyes, on me—
 'T will be a pastime little sad
 To trace what weight Time's heavy fingers
 Upon each other's forms have had;
 For all may flee, so feeling lingers!
 But there's a change, beloved mother,
 To stir far deeper thoughts of thine;
 I come—but with me comes another,
 To share the heart once only mine!
 Thou, on whose thoughts, when sad and lonely,
One star arose in memory's heaven;
 Thou, who hast watch'd *one* treasure only,
 Water'd *one* flower with tears at even:
 Room in thy heart! The hearth she left
 Is darken'd to make light to ours!
 There are bright flowers of care bereft,
 And hearts that languish more than flowers;
 She was their light, their very air—
 Room, mother, in thy heart! place for her in thy prayer!

TO AN INFANT IN HEAVEN.

BY THOMAS WARD.

THOU bright and star-like spirit !
That, in my visions wild,
I see mid heaven's seraphic host—
O! canst thou be my child !

My grief is quench'd in wonder,
And pride arrests my sighs ;
A branch from this unworthy stock
Now blossoms in the skies.

Our hopes of thee were lofty,
But have we cause to grieve ?
O! could our fondest, proudest wish
A nobler fate conceive ?

The little weeper, tearless,
The sinner, snatch'd from sin ;
The babe, to more than manhood grown,
Ere childhood did begin.

And I, thy earthly teacher,
Would blush thy powers to see ;
Thou art to me a parent now,
And I, a child to thee !

Thy brain, so uninstructed
While in this lowly state,
Now threads the mazy track of spheres,
Or reads the book of fate.

Thine eyes, so curb'd in vision,
Now range the realms of space—
Look down upon the rolling stars,
Look up to God's own face.

Thy little hand, so helpless,
That scarce its toys could hold,
Now clasps its mate in holy prayer,
Or twangs a harp of gold.

Thy feeble feet, unsteady,
That totter'd as they trod,
With angels walk the heavenly paths,
Or stand before their God.

Nor is thy tongue less skilful ;
Before the throne divine
'Tis pleading for a mother's weal,
As once she pray'd for thine.

What bliss is born of sorrow !
'Tis never sent in vain—
The heavenly surgeon maims to save,
He gives no useless pain.

Our God, to call us homeward,
His only Son sent down ;
And now, still more to tempt our hearts,
Has taken up our own.

MARIUS AMID THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

BY LYDIA M. CHILD.

PILLARS are fallen at thy feet,
Fanes quiver in the air,
A prostrate city is thy seat,
And thou alone art there.

No change comes o'er thy noble brow,
Though ruin is around thee ;
Thine eyebeam burns as proudly now,
As when the laurel crown'd thee.

It cannot bend thy lofty soul
Though friends and fame depart ;
The car of fate may o'er thee roll,
Nor crush thy Roman heart.

And genius hath electric power,
Which earth can never tame ;
Bright suns may scorch, and dark clouds lower,
Its flash is still the same.

The dreams we loved in early life,
May melt like mist away ;
High thoughts may seem, mid passion's strife,
Like Carthage in decay ;

And proud hopes in the human heart
May be to ruin hurl'd ;
Like mouldering monuments of art
Heap'd on a sleeping world :

Yet, there is something will not die,
Where life hath once been fair ;
Some towering thoughts still rear on high,
Some Roman lingers there !

ENDYMION.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE rising moon has hid the stars,
Her level rays, like golden bars,
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between.

And silver white the river gleams,
As if Diana, in her dreams,
Had dropt her silver bow
Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this,
She woke Endymion with a kiss,
When, sleeping in the grove,
He dream'd not of her love.

Like Dian's kiss, unask'd, unsought,
Loves gives itself, but is not bought ;
Nor voice, nor sound betrays
Its deep, impassion'd gaze.

It comes—the beautiful, the free,
The crown of all humanity—
In silence and alone
To seek the elected one.

It lifts the bows, whose shadows deep
 Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,
 And kisses the closed eyes
 Of him, who slumbering lies.

O, weary hearts! O, slumbering eyes!
 O, drooping souls, whose destinies
 Are fraught with fear and pain,
 Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accursed by fate,
 No one so utterly desolate,
 But some heart, though unknown,
 Responds unto its own.

Responds—as if, with unseen wings,
 A breath from heaven had touch'd its strings;
 And whispers, in its song,
 "Where hast thou stay'd so long?"

THE SUM OF LIFE.

BY J. O. ROCKWELL.

SEARCHER of gold, whose days and nights
 All waste away in anxious care,
 Estranged from all of life's delights,
 Unlearn'd in all that is most fair—
 Who sailest not with easy glide,
 But delvest in the depths of tide,
 And strugglest in the foam;
 O! come and view this land of graves,
 Death's northern sea of frozen waves,
 And mark thee out thy home.

Lover of woman, whose sad heart
 Wastes like a fountain in the sun,
 Clings most, where most its pain does start,
 Dies by the light it lives upon ;
 Come to the land of graves ; for here
 Are beauty's smile, and beauty's tear,
 Gather'd in holy trust ;
 Here slumber forms as fair as those
 Whose cheeks, now living, shame the rose,
 Their glory turn'd to dust.

Lover of fame, whose foolish thought
 Steals onward o'er the wave of time,
 Tell me, what goodness hath it brought,
 Atoning for that restless crime ?
 The spirit-mansion desolate,
 And open to the storms of fate,
 The absent soul in fear ;
 Bring home thy thoughts and come with me,
 And see where all thy pride must be :
 Searcher of fame, look here !

And, warrior, thou with snowy plume,
 That goest to the bugle's call,
 Come and look down ; this lonely tomb
 Shall hold thee and thy glories all :
 The haughty brow, the manly frame,
 The daring deeds, the sounding fame,
 Are trophies but for death !
 And millions who have toil'd like thee,
 Are stay'd, and here they sleep ; and see,
 Does glory lend them breath ?

THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

BY AMELIA B. WELBY.

O, THOU who fling'st so fair a robe
Of clouds around the hills untrod—
Those mountain-pillars of the globe
Whose peaks sustain thy throne, O GOD!
All glittering round the sunset skies,
Their fleecy wings are lightly furl'd,
As if to shade from mortal eyes
The glories of yon upper world;
There, while the evening star upholds
In one bright spot, their purple folds,
My spirit lifts its silent prayer,
For Thou, O GOD of love, art there.

The summer-flowers, the fair, the sweet,
Up-springing freely from the sod,
In whose soft looks we seem to meet
At every step, thy smiles, O GOD!
The humblest soul their sweetness shares,
They bloom in palace-hall, or cot,—
Give me, O Lord, a heart like theirs,
Contented with my lowly lot;
Within their pure, ambrosial bells,
In odours sweet thy spirit dwells.
Their breath may seem to scent the air—
'Tis thine, O GOD! for Thou art there.

Hark ! from yon casement, low and dim,
 What sounds are these that fill the breeze ?
 It is the peasant's evening hymn
 Arrests the fisher on the seas ;
 The old man leans his silver hairs
 Upon his light suspended oar,
 Until those soft delicious airs
 Have died like ripples on the shore.
 Why do his eyes in softness roll ?
 What melts the manhood from his soul ?
 His heart is fill'd with peace and prayer,
 For Thou, O GOD, art with him there.

The birds among the summer blooms
 Pour forth to Thee their hymns of love,
 When, trembling 'on uplifted plumes,
 They leave the earth and soar above ;
 We hear their sweet, familiar airs,
 Where'er a sunny spot is found :
 How lovely is a life like theirs,
 Diffusing sweetness all around !
 From clime to clime, from pole to pole,
 Their sweetest anthems softly roll ;
 Till, melting on the realms of air,
 They reach thy throne in grateful prayer.

The stars—those floating isles of light,
 Round which the clouds unfurl their sails,
 Pure as a woman's robe of white
 That trembles round the form it veils,—
 They touch the heart as with a spell,
 Yet set the soaring fancy free :
 And, O ! how sweet the tales they tell
 Of faith, of peace, of love, and Thee.

Each raging storm that wildly blows,
 Each balmy breeze that lifts the rose,
 Sublimely grand, or softly fair—
 They speak of thee, for Thou art there.

The spirit, oft oppress'd with doubt,
 May strive to cast thee from its thought;
 But who can shut thy presence out,
 Thou mighty Guest that comest unsought!
 In spite of all our cold resolves,
 Magnetic-like, where'er we be,
 Still, still the thoughtful heart revolves,
 And points, all trembling, up to thee.
 We cannot shield a troubled breast
 Beneath the confines of the blest—
 Above, below, on earth, in air,
 For Thou, the living God, art there.

Yet, far beyond the clouds outspread,
 Where soaring fancy oft hath been,
 There is a land where Thou hast said
 The pure in heart shall enter in;
 There, in those realms so calmly bright,
 How many a loved and gentle one
 Bathe their soft plumes in living light,
 That sparkles from thy radiant throne!
 There, souls once soft and sad as ours
 Look up and sing mid fadeless flowers;
 They dream no more of grief and care,
 For Thou, the God of peace, art there.

TWILIGHT.

BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

THERE is an evening twilight of the heart,
When its wild passion waves are lull'd to rest,
And the eye sees life's fairy scenes depart,
As fades the daybeam in the rosy west.
'Tis with a nameless feeling of regret
We gaze upon them as they melt away,
And fondly would we bid them linger yet,
But Hope is round us with her angel lay,
Hailing afar some happier moonlight hour ;
Dear are her whispers still, though lost their early power.

In youth the cheek was crimson'd with her glow ;
Her smile was loveliest then ; her matin song
Was heaven's own music, and the note of woe
Was all unheard her sunny bowers among.
Life's little world of bliss was newly born ;
We knew not, cared not, it was born to die.
Flush'd with the cool breeze and the dews of morn,
With dancing heart we gazed on the pure sky,
And mock'd the passing clouds that dimm'd its blue,
Like our own sorrows then—as fleeting and as few.

And manhood felt her sway too,—on the eye,
Half realized, her early dreams burst bright,
Her promised bower of happiness seem'd nigh,
Its days of joy, its vigils of delight ;
And though at times might lower the thunder storm,
And the red lightnings threaten, still the air

Was balmy with her breath, and her loved form,
 The rainbow of the heart, was hovering there.
 'Tis in life's noontide she is nearest seen,
 Her wreath the summer flower, her robe of summer green.

But though less dazzling in her twilight dress,
 There's more of heaven's pure beam about her now ;
 That angel-smile of tranquil loveliness,
 Which the heart worships, glowing on her brow ;
 That smile shall brighten the dim evening star
 That points our destined tomb, nor e'er depart
 Till the faint light of life is fled afar,
 And hush'd the last deep beating of the heart ;
 The meteor-bearer of our parting breath,
 A moonbeam in the midnight cloud of death.

TO THE RIVER CHARLES.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

RIVER ! that in silence windest
 Through the meadows, bright and free,
 Till at length thy rest thou findest
 In the bosom of the sea !

Four long years of mingled feeling,
 Half in rest, and half in strife,
 I have seen thy waters stealing
 Onward, like the stream of life.

Thou hast taught me, Silent River !
 Many a lesson, deep and long ;
 Thou hast been a generous giver ;
 I can give thee but a song.

Oft in sadness and in illness,
I have watch'd thy current glide,
Till the beauty of its stillness
Overflow'd me, like a tide.

And in better hours and brighter,
When I saw thy waters gleam,
I have felt my heart beat lighter,
And leap onward with thy stream.

Not for this alone I love thee,
Nor because thy waves of blue
From celestial seas above thee
Take their own celestial hue.

Where yon shadowy woodlands hide thee,
And thy waters disappear,
Friends I loved have dwelt beside thee,
And have made thy margin dear.

More than this ;—thy name reminds me
Of three friends, all true and tried ;
And that name, like magic, binds me
Closer, closer to thy side.

Friends my soul with joy remembers !
How like quivering flames they start,
When I fan the living embers
On the hearth-stone of my heart !

'Tis for this, thou Silent River !
That my spirit leans to thee ;
Thou hast been a generous giver,
Take this idle song from me.

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THE
LOVE
OF
TASSO.



DESIGNED BY V. F. ROTHERMEL.

ENGRAVED BY J. SARTAIN.

THE LOVE OF TASSO.

TASSO TO LEONORA.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

IF to love solitude because my heart
 May undisturbed upon thy image dwell,
And in the world to bear a cheerful part
 To hide the fond thoughts that its pulses swell ;
If to recall with credulous delight
 Affection's faintest semblance in thee,
To feel thy breath upon my cheek at night,
 And start in anguish that it may not be ;
If in thy presence ceaselessly to know
 Delicious peace, a feeling as of wings,
Content divine within my bosom glow,
 A noble scorn of all unworthy things,
The quiet bliss, that fills one's natal air,
 When once again it fans the wanderer's brow,
The conscious spirit of the good and fair—
 The wish to be forever such as now ;
If in thy absence still to feel thee nigh,
 Or with impatient longings waste the day,
If to be haunted by thy love-lit eye,
 If for thy good devotedly to pray ;
And chiefly sorrow that but half revealed
 Can be the tenderness that in me lies,
That holiest pleasure must be all concealed—
 Shrinking from heartless scoff or base surmise ;

If, as my being's crowning grace, to bless
The hour we recognized each other's truth,
And with calm joy unto my soul confess
That thou hast realized the dreams of youth,—
My spirit's mate, long cherished, though unknown
Friend of my heart, bestowed on me by God,
At whose approach all visions else have flown
From the vain path which I so long have trod ;
If from thy sweet caress to bear new life
As one possessed by a celestial spell,
That armeth me against all outward strife,
And ever breathes the watchword—all is well ;
If with glad firmness, casting doubt aside,
To bare my heart to thee without disguise,
And yield it up as to my chosen bride,
Feeling that life vouchsafes no dearer prize ;
If thus to blend my very soul with thine
By mutual consecration, watching o'er
The hallowed bond with loyalty divine—
If this be love.—I love forevermore !

THE CAMBRIDGE CHURCHYARD.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

OUR ancient church ! its lowly tower,
 Beneath the loftier spire,
Is shadow'd when the sunset hour
 Clothes the tall shaft in fire ;
It sinks beyond the distant eye,
 Long ere the glittering vane,
High wheeling in the western sky,
 Has faded o'er the plain.

Like sentinel and nun, they keep
 Their vigil on the green ;
One seems to guard, and one to weep,
 The dead that lie between ;
And both roll out, so full and near,
 Their music's mingling waves,
They shake the grass, whose pennon'd spear
 Leans on the narrow graves.

The stranger parts the flaunting weeds,
 Whose seeds the winds have strown
So thick beneath the line he reads,
 They shade the sculptured stone ;
The child unveils his cluster'd brow,
 And ponders for a while
The graven willow's pendent bough,
 Or rudest cherub's smile.

But what to them the dirge, the knell?
 These were the mourner's share;
 The sullen clang, whose heavy swell
 Throbb'd through the beating air;
 The rattling cord,—the rolling stone,—
 The shelving sand that slid,
 And, far beneath, with hollow tone
 Rung on the coffin's lid.

The slumberer's mound grows fresh and green,
 Then slowly disappears;
 The mosses creep, the gray stones lean,
 Earth hides his date and years;
 But, long before the once-loved name
 Is sunk or worn away,
 No lip the silent dust may claim,
 That press'd the breathing clay.

Go where the ancient pathway guides,
 See where our sires laid down
 Their smiling babes, their cherish'd brides,
 The patriarchs of the town;
 Hast thou a tear for buried love?
 A sigh for transient power?
 All that a century left above,
 Go, read it in an hour!

The Indian's shaft, the Briton's ball,
 The sabre's thirsting edge,
 The hot shell, shattering in its fall,
 The bayonet's rending wedge,—
 Here scatter'd death; yet seek the spot,
 No trace thine eye can see,
 No altar,—and they need it not
 Who leave their children free!

Look where the turbid raindrops stand
 In many a chisel'd square,
 The knightly crest, the shield, the brand
 Of honour'd names were there ;
 Alas ! for every tear is dried
 Those blazon'd tablets knew,
 Save when the icy marble's side
 Drips with the evening dew.
 Or gaze upon yon pillar'd stone,*
 The empty urn of pride ;
 There stands the goblet and the sun,—
 What need of more beside ?
 Where lives the memory of the dead ?
 Who made their tomb a toy ?
 Whose ashes press that nameless bed ?
 Go, ask the village boy !
 Lean o'er the slender western wall,
 Ye ever-roaming girls ;
 The breath that bids the blossom fall
 May lift your floating curls,
 To sweep the simple lines that tell
 An exile's † date and doom ;
 And sigh, for where his daughters dwell,
 They wreath the stranger's tomb.
 And one amid these shades was born,
 Beneath this turf who lies,
 Once beaming as the summer's morn,
 That closed her gentle eyes ;

* The tomb of the VASSALL family is marked by a freestone tablet, supported by five pillars, and bearing nothing but the sculptured reliefs of the goblet and the sun,—*Vas-Sol*,—which designated a powerful family, now almost forgotten.

† The exile referred to in this stanza was a native of Honfleur, in Normandy.

If sinless angels love as we,
Who stood thy grave beside,
Three seraph welcomes waited thee,
The daughter, sister, bride!

I wander'd to thy buried mound,
When earth was hid, below
The level of the glaring ground,
Choked to its gates with snow,
And when with summer's flowery waves
The lake of verdure roll'd,
As if a sultan's white-robed slaves
Had scatter'd pearls and gold.

Nay, the soft pinions of the air,
That lifts this trembling tone,
Its breath of love may almost bear,
To kiss thy funeral stone;
And, now thy smiles have pass'd away,
For all the joy they gave,
May sweetest dews and warmest ray
Lie on thine early grave!

When damps beneath, and storms above,
Have bow'd those fragile towers,
Still o'er the graves yon locust grove
Shall swing its orient flowers;
And I would ask no mouldering bust,
If e'er this humble line,
Which breathed a sigh o'er other's dust,
Might call a tear on mine.

THE SHADED WATER.

BY WILLIAM G. SIMMS.

WHEN that my mood is sad, and in the noise
And bustle of the crowd, I feel rebuke,
I turn my footsteps from its hollow joys,
And sit me down beside this little brook :
The waters have a music to mine ear
It glads me much to hear.

It is a quiet glen as you may see,
Shut in from all intrusion by the trees,
That spread their giant branches, broad and free,
The silent growth of many centuries ;
And make a hallow'd time for hapless moods,
A Sabbath of the woods.

Few know its quiet shelter,—none, like me,
Do seek it out with such a fond desire,
Poring, in idlesse mood, on flower and tree,
And listening, as the voiceless leaves respire,—
When the far-travelling breeze, done wandering,
Rests here his weary wing.

And all the day, with fancies ever new,
And sweet companions from their boundless store
Of merry elves, bespangled all with dew,
Fantastic creatures of the old time lore,—
Watching their wild but unobtrusive play,
I fling the hours away.

A gracious couch,—the root of an old oak,
 Whose branches yield it moss and canopy,—
 Is mine—and so it be from woodman's stroke
 Secure, shall never be resign'd by me ;
 It hangs above the stream that idly plies,
 Heedless of any eyes.

There, with eye sometimes shut, but upward bent,
 Sweetly I muse through many a quiet hour,
 While every sense, on earnest mission sent,
 Returns, thought-laden, back with bloom and flower,
 Pursuing, though rebuked by those who moil,
 A profitable toil.

And still the waters, trickling at my feet,
 Wind on their way with gentlest melody,
 Yielding sweet music, which the leaves repeat,
 Above them, to the gay breeze gliding by,—
 Yet not so rudely as to send one sound
 Through the thick copse around.

Sometimes a brighter cloud than all the rest
 Hangs o'er the archway opening through the trees,
 Breaking the spell that, like a slumber, press'd
 On my worn spirit its sweet luxuries,—
 And, with awaken'd vision upward bent,
 I watch the firmament.

How like—its sure and undisturb'd retreat,
 Life's sanctuary at last, secure from storm—
 To the pure waters trickling at my feet,
 The bending trees that overshadow my form ;
 So far as sweetest things of earth may seem
 Like those of which we dream.

Thus, to my mind, is the philosophy
 The young bird teaches, who, with sudden flight,
 Sails far into the blue that spreads on high,
 Until I lose him from my straining sight,—
 With a most lofty discontent, to fly
 Upward, from earth to sky.

 THE FUTURE LIFE.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
 The disembodied spirits of the dead,
 When all of thee that time could wither sleeps
 And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
 If there I meet thy gentle presence not;
 Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
 In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there?
 That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given?
 My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
 Shall it be banish'd from thy tongue in heaven?

In meadows framed by heaven's life-breathing wind,
 In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
 And larger movements of the unfetter'd mind,
 Wilt thou forget the love that join'd us here;

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
 And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
 And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last,
 Shall it expire with life, and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
 Await thee there; for thou hast bow'd thy will
 In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
 And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell,
 Shrink and consume the heart, as heat the scroll;
 And wrath hath left its scar—that fire of hell
 Hath left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet, though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
 Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
 The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
 Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me in that calmer home,
 The wisdom that I learn'd so ill in this—
 The wisdom which is love—till I become
 Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

THE OLD MAN'S LAMENT.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

O! FOR one draught of those sweet waters now
 That shed such freshness o'er my early life!
 O! that I could but bathe my fever'd brow
 To wash away the dust of worldly strife!
 And be a simple-hearted child once more,
 As if I ne'er had known this world's pernicious lore!

My heart is weary, and my spirit pants
 Beneath the heat and burden of the day;
 Would that I could regain those shady haunts,
 Where once, with Hope, I dream'd the hours away,
 Giving my thoughts to tales of old romance,
 And yielding up my soul to youth's delicious trance!

Vain are such wishes! I no more may tread
 With lingering step and slow the green hill-side;
 Before me now life's shortening path is spread,
 And I must onward, whatsoe'er betide;
 The pleasant nooks of youth are pass'd for aye,
 And sober scenes now meet the traveler on his way.

Alas! the dust which clogs my weary feet
 Glitters with fragments of each ruin'd shrine,
 Where once my spirit worshipp'd, when, with sweet
 And passionless devotion, it could twine
 Its strong affections round earth's earthliest things,
 Yet bear away no stain upon its snowy wings.

What though some flowers have 'scaped the tempest's
 wrath?

Daily they droop by nature's swift decay:
 What though the setting sun still lights my path?
 Morn's dewy freshness long has pass'd away.
 O! give me back life's newly-budded flowers,
 Let me once more inhale the breath of morning's hours!

My youth! my youth!—O, give me back my youth!
 Not the unfurrow'd brow and blooming cheek;
 But childhood's sunny thoughts, its perfect truth,
 And youth's unworldly feelings,—these I seek;
 Ah, who could e'er be sinless and yet sage?
 Would that I might forget Time's dark and blotted page!

CONSUMPTION.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

THERE is a sweetness in woman's decay,
When the light of beauty is fading away,
When the bright enchantment of youth is gone,
And the tint that glow'd, and the eye that shone,
And darted around its glance of power,
And the lip that vied with the sweetest flower
That ever in Pæstum's garden blew,
Or ever was steep'd in fragrant dew,
When all that was bright and fair is fled
But the loveliness lingering round the dead.

O! there is a sweetness in beauty's close,
Like the perfume scenting the wither'd rose;
For a nameless charm around her plays,
And her eyes are kindled with hallow'd rays;
And a veil of spotless purity
Has mantled her cheek with its heavenly dye,
Like a cloud whereon the queen of night
Has pour'd her softest tint of light;
And there is a blending of white and blue,
Where the purple blood is melting through
The snow of her pale and tender cheek;
And there are tones that sweetly speak
Of a spirit who longs for a purer day,
And is ready to wing her flight away.

In the flush of youth, and the spring of feeling,
 When life, like a sunny stream, is stealing
 Its silent steps through a flowery path,
 And all the endearments that pleasure hath
 Are pour'd from her full, o'erflowing horn,
 When the rose of enjoyment conceals no thorn,
 In her lightness of heart, to the cheery song
 The maiden may trip in the dance along,
 And think of the passing moment, that lies,
 Like a fairy dream, in her dazzled eyes,
 And yield to the present, that charms around
 With all that is lovely in sight and sound ;
 Where a thousand pleasing phantoms flit,
 With the voice of mirth, and the burst of wit,
 And the music that steals to the bosom's core,
 And the heart in its fulness flowing o'er
 With a few big drops, that are soon repress'd,
 For short is the stay of grief in her breast :
 In this enliven'd and gladsome hour
 The spirit may burn with a brighter power ;
 But dearer the calm and quiet day,
 When the heaven-sick soul is stealing away.

And when her sun is low declining,
 And life wears out with no repining,
 And the whisper, that tells of early death,
 Is soft as the west wind's balmy breath,
 When it comes at the hour of still repose,
 To sleep in the breast of the wooing rose :
 And the lip, that swell'd with a living glow,
 Is pale as a curl of new-fallen snow :
 And her cheek, like the Parian stone, is fair—
 But the hectic spot that flushes there
 When the tide of life, from its secret dwelling,
 In a sudden gush, is deeply swelling.

And giving a tinge to her icy lips,
Like the crimson rose's brightest tips,
As richly red, and as transient too
As the clouds in autumn's sky of blue,
That seem like a host of glory, met
To honour the sun at his golden set ;
O then, when the spirit is taking wing,
How fondly her thoughts to her dear one cling,
As if she would blend her soul with his
In a deep and long imprinted kiss ;
So fondly the panting camel flies,
Where the glassy vapour cheats his eyes ;
And the dove from the falcon seeks her nest,
And the infant shrinks to its mother's breast.
And though her dying voice be mute,
Or faint as the tones of an unstrung lute,
And though the glow from her cheek be fled,
And her pale lips cold as the marble dead,
Her eye still beams unwonted fires,
With a woman's love, and a saint's desires,
And her last, fond, lingering look is given
To the love she leaves, and then to heaven,
As if she would bear that love away
To a purer world, and a brighter day.

THE PRISONER FOR DEBT.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Look on him—through his dungeon-grate,
 Feebly and cold, the morning light
Comes stealing round him, dim and late,
 As if it loathed the sight.

Reclining on his strawy bed,
His hand upholds his drooping head—
His bloodless cheek is seam'd and hard,
Unshorn his gray, neglected beard ;
And o'er his bony fingers flow
His long, dishevel'd locks of snow.

No grateful fire before him glows,—
 And yet the winter's breath is chill :
And o'er his half-clad person goes
 The frequent ague-thrill !
Silent—save ever and anon,
A sound half-murmur and half-groan,
Forces apart the painful grip
Of the old sufferer's bearded lip :
O, sad and crushing is the fate
Of old age chain'd and desolate !

Just God ! why lies that old man there ?
 A murderer shares his prison-bed,
Whose eyeballs, through his horrid hair,
 Gleam on him fierce and red ;
And the rude oath and heartless jeer
Fall ever on his loathing ear,

And, or in wakefulness or sleep,
Nerve, flesh, and fibre thrill and creep,
Whene'er that ruffian's tossing limb,
Crimson'd with murder, touches him!

What has the gray-hair'd prisoner done?
Has murder stain'd his hands with gore?
Not so: his crime's a fouler one:

God made the old man poor!

For this he shares a felon's cell—
The fittest earthly type of hell!
For this—the boon for which he pour'd
His young blood on the invader's sword,
And counted light the fearful cost—
His blood-gain'd liberty is lost!

And so, for such a place of rest,
Old prisoner, pour'd thy blood as rain
On Concord's field, and Bunker's crest,
And Saratoga's plain?
Look forth, thou man of many scars,
Through thy dim dungeon's iron bars!
It must be joy, in sooth, to see
Yon monument* uprear'd to thee—
Piled granite and a prison-cell—
The land repays thy service well!

Go ring the bells and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banner out;
Shout "Freedom!" till your lisping ones
Give back their cradle-shout:
Let boasted eloquence declaim
Of honour, liberty, and fame;

* Bunker Hill Monument.

Still let the poet's strain be heard,
With "glory" for each second word,
And everything with breath agree
To praise "our glorious liberty!"

And when the patriot cannon jars
That prison's cold and gloomy wall,
And through its grates the stripes and stars
Rise on the wind, and fall—
Think ye that prisoner's aged ear
Rejoices in the general cheer?
Think ye his dim and failing eye
Is kindled at your pageantry?
Sorrowing of soul, and chain'd of limb,
What is your carnival to him?

Down with the law that binds him thus!
Unworthy freemen, let it find
No refuge from the withering curse
Of God and human kind!
Open the prisoner's living tomb,
And usher from its brooding gloom
The victims of your savage code,
To the free sun and air of God!
No longer dare as crime to brand
The chastening of the Almighty's hand!

THE LYRE AND SWORD.

BY GEORGE LUNT.

THE freeman's glittering sword be blest,—
For ever blest the freeman's lyre,—
That rings upon the tyrant's crest ;
This stirs the heart like living fire :
Well can he wield the shining brand,
Who battles for his native land ;
But when his fingers sweep the chords,
That summon heroes to the fray,
They gather at the feast of swords,
Like mountain-eagles to their prey !

And mid the vales and swelling hills,
That sweetly bloom in Freedom's land,
A living spirit breathes and fills
The freeman's heart and nerves his hand ;
For the bright soil that gave him birth,
The home of all he loves on earth,—
For *this*, when Freedom's trumpet calls,
He waves on high his sword of fire,—
For *this*, amidst his country's halls
For ever strikes the freeman's lyre !

His burning heart he may not lend
To serve a doting despot's sway,—
A suppliant knee he will not bend,
Before these things of "brass and clay :"
When wrong and ruin call to war,
He knows the summons from afar ;

On high his glittering sword he waves,
And myriads feel the freeman's fire,
While he, around their fathers' graves,
Strikes to old strains the freeman's lyre!

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

BY JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

THE thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,
While I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if God pour'd thee from his hollow "hand,"
And hung his bow upon thine awful front;
And spoke in that loud voice, which seem'd to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
"The sound of many waters;" and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch His centuries in the eternal rocks.
Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,
That hear the question of that voice sublime?
O! what are all the notes that ever rung
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side!
Yea, what is all the riot man can make
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar!
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him
Who drown'd a world, and heap'd the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains?—a light wave,
That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might.

THE BACKWOODSMAN.

BY EPHRAIM PEABODY.

THE silent wilderness for me!
Where never sound is heard,
Save the rustling of the squirrel's foot,
And the flitting wing of bird,
Or its low and interrupted note,
And the deer's quick, crackling tread
And the swaying of the forest boughs,
As the wind moves overhead.

Alone, (how glorious to be free!)
My good dog at my side,
My rifle hanging in my arm,
I range the forests wide.
And now the regal buffalo
Across the plains I chase;
Now track the mountain stream, to find
The beaver's lurking place.

I stand upon the mountain's top,
And (solitude profound!)
Not even a woodman's smoke curls up
Within the horizon's bound.
Below, as o'er its ocean breadth
The air's light currents run,
The wilderness of moving leaves
Is glancing in the sun.

I look around to where the sky
Meets the far forest line,
And this imperial domain—
This kingdom—all is mine.
This bending heaven, these floating clouds,
Waters that ever roll,
And wilderness of glory, bring
Their offerings to my soul.

My palace, built by God's own hand,
The world's fresh prime hath seen ;
Wide stretch its living halls away,
Pillar'd and roof'd with green.
My music is the wind that now
Pours loud its swelling bars,
Now lulls in dying cadences,
My festal lamps are stars.

Though when in this, my lonely home,
My star-watch'd couch I press,
I hear no fond "good night"—think not
I am companionless.

O, no ! I see my father's house,
The hill, the tree, the stream,
And the looks and voices of my home
Come gently to my dream.

And in these solitary haunts,
While slumbers every tree
In night and silence, God himself
Seems nearer unto me.
I feel His presence in these shades,
Like the embracing air ;
And as my eyelids close in sleep,
My heart is hush'd in prayer.

J U N E .

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

JUNE, with its roses—June!
The gladdest month of our capricious year,
With its thick foliage and sunlight clear ;
 And with the drowsy tune
Of the bright leaping waters, as they pass
Laughingly on amid the springing grass !

Earth, at her joyous coming,
Smiles as she puts her gayest mantle on ;
And Nature greets her with a benison ;
 While myriad voices, humming
Their welcome song, breathe dreamy music round,
Till seems the air an element of sound.

The overarching sky
Weareth a softer tint, a lovelier blue,
As if the light of heaven were melting through
 Its sapphire home on high ;
Hiding the sunshine in their vapoury breast,
The clouds float on like spirits to their rest.

A deeper melody,
Pour'd by the birds, as o'er their callow young
Watchful they hover, to the breeze is flung—
 Gladsome, yet not of glee—
Music heart-born, like that which mothers sing
Above their cradled infants slumbering.

On the warm hill-side, where
 The sunlight lingers latest, through the grass
 Peepeth the luscious strawberry ! As they pass,
 Young children gambol there,
 Crushing the gather'd fruit in playful mood,
 / And staining their bright faces with its blood.

A deeper blush is given
 To the half-ripen'd cherry, as the sun
 Day after day pours warmth the trees upon,
 Till the rich pulp is riven ;
 The truant schoolboy looks with longing eyes,
 And perils limb and neck to win the prize.

The farmer, in his field,
 Draws the rich mould around the tender maize ;
 While Hope, bright-pinion'd, points to coming days,
 When all his toil shall yield
 An ample harvest, and around his hearth
 There shall be laughing eyes and tones of mirth.

Poised on his rainbow-wing,
 The butterfly, whose life is but an hour,
 Hovers coquettishly from flower to flower,
 A gay and happy thing ;
 Born for the sunshine and the summer-day,
 Soon passing, like the beautiful, away !

These are thy pictures, June !
 Brightest of summer-months—thou month of flowers !
 First-born of beauty, whose swift-footed hours
 Dance to the merry tune
 Of birds, and waters, and the pleasant shout
 Of childhood on the sunny hills peal'd out.

I feel it were not wrong
 To deem thou art a type of heaven's clime,
 Only that there the clouds and storms of time
 Sweep not the sky along ;
 The flowers—air—beauty—music—all are thine,
 But brighter—purer—lovelier—more divine !

MYSTERIOUS MUSIC OF OCEAN.

BY CARTER MORRIS.

"And the people of this place say, that, at certain seasons, beautiful sounds are heard from the ocean."—MAVOR'S *Voyages*.

LONELY and wild it rose,
 That strain of solemn music from the sea,
 As though the bright air trembled to disclose
 An ocean mystery.

Again a low, sweet tone,
 Fainting in murmurs on the listening day,
 Just bade the excited thought its presence own,
 Then died away.

Once more the gush of sound,
 Struggling and swelling from the heaving plain,
 Thrill'd a rich peal triumphantly around,
 And fled again.

O, boundless deep ! we know
 Thou hast strange wonders in thy gloom conceal'd,
 Gems, flashing gems, from whose unearthly glow
 Sunlight is seal'd.

And an eternal spring
Shows her rich colours with unsparing hand,
Where coral trees their graceful branches fling
O'er golden sand.

But tell, O, restless main!
Who are the dwellers in thy world beneath,
That thus the watery realm cannot contain
The joy they breathe?

Emblem of glorious might!
Are thy wild children like thyself array'd,
Strong in immortal and uncheck'd delight,
Which cannot fade?

Or to mankind allied,
Toiling with woe, and passion's fiery sting,
Like their own home, where storms or peace preside,
As the winds bring?

Alas for human thought!
How does it flee existence, worn and old,
To win companionship with beings wrought
Of finer mould!

'Tis vain—the reckless waves
Join with loud revel the dim ages flown,
But keep each secret of their hidden caves
Dark and unknown.

TO THE EAGLE.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

BIRD of the broad and sweeping wing,
Thy home is high in heaven,
Where wide the storms their banners fling,
And the tempest clouds are driven.
Thy throne is on the mountain top ;
Thy fields, the boundless air ·
And hoary peaks, that proudly prop
The skies, thy dwellings are.

Thou sittest like a thing of light,
Amid the noontide blaze :
The midway sun is clear and bright ;
It cannot dim thy gaze.
Thy pinions, to the rushing blast,
O'er the bursting billow, spread,
Where the vessel plunges, hurry past,
Like an angel of the dead.

Thou art perch'd aloft on the beetling crag,
And the waves are white below,
And on, with a haste that cannot lag,
They rush in an endless flow.
Again thou hast plumed thy wing for flight
To lands beyond the sea,
And away, like a spirit wreath'd in light,
Thou hurriest, wild and free.

Thou hurriest over the myriad waves,
And thou leavest them all behind ;
Thou sweepest that place of unknown graves,
Fleet as the tempest wind.
When the night-storm gathers dim and dark,
With a shrill and boding scream,
Thou rushest by the foundering bark,
Quick as a passing dream.

Lord of the boundless realm of air,
In thy imperial name,
The hearts of the bold and ardent dare
The dangerous path of fame.
Beneath the shade of thy golden wings,
The Roman legions bore,
From the river of Egypt's cloudy springs,
Their pride, to the polar shore.

For thee they fought, for thee they fell,
And their oath was on thee laid ;
To thee the clarions raised their swell,
And the dying warrior pray'd.
Thou wert, through an age of death and fears,
The image of pride and power,
Till the gather'd rage of a thousand years
Burst forth in one awful hour.

And then a deluge of wrath it came,
And the nations shook with dread ;
And it swept the earth till its fields were flame,
And piled with the mingled dead.
Kings were roll'd in the wasteful flood,
With the low and crouching slave ;
And together lay, in a shroud of blood,
The coward and the brave.

And where was then thy fearless flight?

“ O'er the dark, mysterious sea,
To the lands that caught the setting light,
The cradle of Liberty.

There, on the silent and lonely shore,
For ages, I watch'd alone,
And the world, in its darkness, ask'd no more
Where the glorious bird had flown.

“ But then came a bold and hardy few,
And they breasted the unknown wave ;
I caught afar the wandering crew ;
And I knew they were high and brave.
I wheel'd around the welcome bark,
As it sought the desolate shore,
And up to heaven, like a joyous lark,
My quivering pinions bore.

“ And now that bold and hardy few
Are a nation wide and strong ;
And danger and doubt I have lead them through,
And they worship me in song ;
And over their bright and glancing arms,
On field, and lake, and sea,
With an eye that fires, and a spell that charms,
I guide them to victory.”



ENGRAVED BY J. SEPTAIN.

THE FALL OF BABYLON.

DRAWN BY P. HITCHCOCK.

THE FALL OF BABYLON.

ISAIAH XIV.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

I.

How hath the hard oppressor
That smote the nations, sunk ;—
How fallen the golden city,
With pride and passion drunk !—
God's might the rule hath broken
That held the world in fear ;
His anger hath but spoken,
And, lo ! the ruin here !

II.

The Earth starts up rejoicing,
Her terrors all subdued ;
The Cedar grows to voicing
In Lebanon's gray wood ;
No more, he cries, I tremble,
Lest axe of thine o'erthrow :
Fear need no more dissemble,
Since Heaven hath laid thee low !

III.

Vain, Lucifer, each warning—
How dost thou fall from high,
O brightest Son of morning,
That strove to sway the sky !
Thy heart conceived the conquest
Of Heaven itself, at last ;
Yet, lo ! a breath has vanquished,
And thou art with the past !

THE DAYS THAT ARE PAST.

BY EPES SARGENT.

WE will not deplore them, the days that are past ;
The gloom of misfortune is over them cast ;
They are lengthen'd by sorrow and sullied by care ;
Their griefs were too many, their joys were too rare ;
Yet, now that their shadows are on us no more,
Let us welcome the prospect that brightens before !

We have cherish'd fair hopes, we have plotted brave schemes,
We have lived till we find them illusive as dreams ;
Wealth has melted like snow that is grasp'd in the hand,
And the steps we have climb'd have departed like sand ;
Yet shall we despond while of health unbereft,
And honour, bright honour, and freedom are left ?

O ! shall we despond, while the pages of time
Yet open before us their records sublime !
While, ennobled by treasures more precious than gold,
We can walk with the martyrs and heroes of old ;
While humanity whispers such truths in the ear,
As it softens the heart like sweet music to hear ?

O ! shall we despond while, with visions still free,
We can gaze on the sky, and the earth, and the sea ;
While the sunshine can waken a burst of delight,
And the stars are a joy and a glory by night :
While each harmony, running through nature, can raise
In our spirits the impulse of gladness and praise ?

O! let us no longer then vainly lament
 Over scenes that are faded and days that are spent :
 But, by faith unforsaken, unawed by mischance,
 On hope's waving banner still fix'd be our glance ;
 And, should fortune prove cruel and false to the last,
 Let us look to the future and not to the past !

 INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

BY RICHARD H. DANA.

O, LISTEN, man !

A voice within us speaks the startling word,
 "Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
 Hymn it around our souls : according harps,
 By angel fingers touch'd when the mild stars
 Of morning sang together, sound forth still
 The song of our great immortality !
 Thick, clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
 The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
 Join in this solemn, universal song.
 —O, listen, ye, our spirits! drink it in
 From all the air! 'Tis in the gentle moonlight ;
 'Tis floating in day's setting glories ; night,
 Wrapp'd in her sable robe, with silent step
 Comes to our bed and breathes it in our ears ;
 Night and the dawn, bright day and thoughtful eve,
 All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
 As one vast, mystic instrument, are touch'd
 By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords
 Quiver with joy in this great jubilee :
 —The dying hear it ; and as sounds of earth
 Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
 To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

ALNWICK CASTLE.

BY F. G. HALLECK.

HOME of the Percy's highborn race,
Home of their beautiful and brave,
Alike their birth and burial place,
Their cradle, and their grave!
Still sternly o'er the castle gate
Their house's Lion stands in state,
As in his proud departed hours;
And warriors frown in stone on high,
And feudal banners "flout the sky"
Above his princely towers.

A gentle hill its side inclines,
Lovely in England's fadeless green,
To meet the quiet stream which winds
Through this romantic scene
As silently and sweetly still,
As when, at evening, on that hill,
While summer's wind blew soft and low,
Seated by gallant Hotspur's side,
His Katharine was a happy bride,
A thousand years ago.

Gaze on the Abbey's ruin'd pile:
Does not the succouring Ivy, keeping
Her watch around it seem to smile,
As o'er a loved one sleeping?
One solitary turret gray
Still tells, in melancholy glory,

The legend of the Cheviot day,
 The Percy's proudest border story.
 That day its roof was triumph's arch ;
 Then rang, from aisle to pictured dome,
 The light step of the soldier's march,
 The music of the trump and drum ;
 And babe, and sire, the old, the young,
 And the monk's hymn, and minstrel's song,
 And woman's pure kiss, sweet and long,
 Welcomed her warrior home.

Wild roses by the Abbey towers
 Are gay in their young bud and bloom :
 They were born of a race of funeral flowers
 That garlanded in long-gone hours,
 A Templar's knightly tomb.
 He died, the sword in his mailed hand,
 On the holiest spot of the Blessed Land,
 Where the Cross was damp'd with his dying breath ;
 When blood ran free as festal wine,
 And the sainted air of Palestine
 Was thick with the darts of death.

Wise with the lore of centuries,
 What tales, if there be "tongues in trees,"
 Those giant oaks could tell,
 Of beings born and buried here ;
 Tales of the peasant and the peer,
 Tales of the bridal and the bier,
 The welcome and farewell,
 Since on their boughs the startled bird
 First, in her twilight slumbers, heard
 The Norman's curfew-bell.

I wander'd through the lofty halls
 Trod by the Percys of old fame,
 And traced upon the chapel walls
 Each high, heroic name,
 From him who once his standard set
 Where now, o'er mosque and minaret,
 Glitter the Sultan's crescent moons ;
 To him who, when a younger son,
 Fought for King George at Lexington,
 A Major of dragoons.

That last half stanza—it has dash'd
 From my warm lip the sparkling cup ;
 The light that o'er my eyebeam flash'd,
 The power that bore my spirit up
 Above this bank-note world—is gone ;
 And Alnwick's but a market-town,
 And this, alas ! its market-day,
 And beasts and borderers throug the way ;
 Oxen, and bleating lambs in lots,
 Northumbrian boors, and plaided Scots,
 Men in the coal and cattle line ;
 From Teviot's bard and hero land,
 From Royal Berwick's beach of sand,
 From Wooller, Morpeth, Hexam, and
 Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

These are not the romantic times
 So beautiful in Spenser's rhymes,
 So dazzling to the dreaming boy :
 Ours are the days of fact, not fable,
 Of Knights, but not of the Round Table,
 Of Bailie Jarvie, not Rob Roy :

'Tis what "our President," Monroe,
 Has call'd "the era of good feeling:"
 The Highlander, the bitterest foe
 To modern laws, has felt their blow,
 Consented to be tax'd, and vote,
 And put on pantaloons and coat,
 And leave off cattle-stealing :
 Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,
 The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt,
 The Douglas in red herrings ;
 And noble name and cultured land,
 Palace, and park, and vassal band
 Are powerless to the notes of hand
 Of Rothschild or the Barings.

The age of bargaining, said Burke,
 Has come : to-day the turban'd Turk,
 (Sleep, Richard of the lion heart !
 Sleep on, nor from your cerements start,)
 Is England's friend and fast ally ;
 The Moslem tramples on the Greek,
 And on the Cross and altar stone,
 And Christendom looks tamely on,
 And hears the Christian maiden shriek,
 And sees the Christian father die ;
 And not a sabre blow is given
 For Greece and fame, for faith and Heaven,
 By Europe's craven chivalry.

You'll ask if yet the Percy lives
 In the arm'd pomp of feudal state ?
 The present representatives
 Of Hotspur and his "gentle Kate,"
 Are some half-dozen serving men,
 In the drab coat of William Penn ;

A chambermaid, whose lip and eye,
 And cheek, and brown hair, bright and curling,
 Spoke nature's aristocracy ;
 And one, half groom, half seneschal,
 Who bow'd me through court, bower, and hall,
 From donjon-keep to turret wall,
 For ten-and-sixpence sterling.

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

DEATH found strange beauty on that polish'd brow,
 And dash'd it out. There was a tint of rose
 On cheek and lip. He touch'd the veins with ice,
 And the rose faded. Forth from those blue eyes
 There spake a wisnful tenderness, a doubt
 Whether to grieve or sleep, which innocence
 Alone may wear. With ruthless haste he bound
 The silken fringes of those curtaining lids
 For ever. There had been a murmuring sound
 With which the babe would claim its mother's ear,
 Charming her even to tears. The spoiler set
 The seal of silence. But there beam'd a smile,
 So fix'd, so holy, from that cherub brow,
 Death gazed, and left it there. He dared not steal
 The signet-ring of heaven.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THERE is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

“ Shall I have nought that is fair ?” saith he ;
“ Have nought but the bearded grain ?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again.”

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kiss'd their drooping leaves ;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

“ My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,”
The Reaper said, and smiled ;
“ Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child.

“ They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear.”

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love ;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
 The Reaper came that day ;
 'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
 And took the flowers away.

DEMOCRACY.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

SPIRIT of Truth, and Loye, and Light !
 The foe of Wrong, and Hate, and Fraud !
 Of all which pains the holy sight,
 Or wounds the generous ear of God !

Beautiful yet thy temples rise,
 Though there profaning gifts are thrown ;
 And fires unkindled of the skies
 Are glaring round thy altar-stone.

Still sacred—though thy name be breathed
 By those whose hearts thy truth deride ;
 And garlands, pluck'd from thee, are wreath'd
 Around the haughty brows of Pride.

Oh, ideal of my boyhood's time !
 The faith in which my father stood,
 Even when the sons of Lust and Crime
 Had stain'd thy peaceful courts with blood !

Still to those courts my footsteps turn,
 For through the mists which darken there,
 I see the flame of Freedom burn—
 The Kebla of the patriot's prayer !

The generous feeling, pure and warm,
Which owns the rights of *all* divine—
The pitying heart—the helping arm—
The prompt self-sacrifice—are thine.

Beneath thy broad, impartial eye,
How fade the cords of caste and birth!
How equal in their suffering lie
The groaning multitudes of earth!

Still to a stricken brother true,
Whatever clime hath nurtured him;
As stoop'd to heal the wounded Jew
The worshipper on Gerizim.

By misery unrepell'd, unawed
By pomp or power, thou see'st A MAN
In prince or peasant—slave or lord—
Pale priest, or swarthy artisan.

Through all disguise, form, place, or name,
Beneath the flaunting robes of sin,
Through poverty and squalid shame,
Thou lookest on *the man* within.

On man, as man, retaining yet,
Howe'er debased, and soil'd, and dim,
The crown upon his forehead set—
The immortal gift of God to him.

And there is reverence in thy look;
For that frail form that mortals wear
The Spirit of the Holiest took,
And veil'd his perfect brightness there.

Not from the cold and shallow fount
Of vain philosophy thou art ;
He who of old on Syria's mount
Thrill'd, awed, by turns, the listener's heart,

In holy words which cannot die,
In thoughts which angels lean'd to know,
Proclaim'd thy message from on high—
Thy mission to a world of woe.

That Voice's echo hath not died !
From the blue lake of Galilee,
And Tabor's lonely mountain side,
It calls a struggling world to thee.

Thy name and watchword o'er this land
I hear in every breeze that stirs,
And round a thousand altars stand
Thy banded Party worshippers.

Not to these altars of a day,
At Party's call, my gift I bring ;
But on thy olden shrine I lay
A freeman's dearest offering :

The voiceless utterance of his will—
His pledge to Freedom and to Truth,
That manhood's heart remembers still
The homage of his generous youth.

TO THE DEAD.

BY JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

How many now are dead to me
That live to others yet!
How many are alive to me
Who crumble in their graves, nor see
That sickening, sinking look, which we
Till dead can ne'er forget.

Beyond the blue seas, far away,
Most wretchedly alone,
One died in prison, far away,
Where stone on stone shut out the day,
And never hope or comfort's ray
In his lone dungeon shone.

Dead to the world, alive to me,
Though months and years have pass'd;
In a lone hour, his sigh to me
Comes like the hum of some wild bee,
And then his form and face I see,
As then I saw him last.

And one with a bright lip, and cheek,
And eye, is dead to me.
How pale the bloom of his smooth cheek!
His lip was cold—it would not speak:
His heart was dead, for it did not break:
And his eye, for it did not see.

Then for the living be the tomb,
And for the dead the smile;

Engrave oblivion on the tomb
Of pulseless life and deadly bloom,—
Dim is such glare : but bright the gloom
Around the funeral pile.

THE LAST READER.

BY OLIVER W. HOLMES.

I SOMETIMES sit beneath a tree,
And read my own sweet songs ;
Though nought they may to others be,
Each humble line prolongs
A tone that might have pass'd away,
But for that scarce-remember'd lay.

I keep them like a lock or leaf,
That some dear girl has given ;
Frail record of an hour, as brief
As sunset clouds in heaven,
But spreading purple twilight still
High over memory's shadow'd hill.

They lie upon my pathway bleak,
Those flowers that once ran wild,
As on a father's care-worn cheek
The ringlets of his child.
The golden mingling with the gray,
And stealing half its snows away.

What care I though the dust is spread
Around these yellow leaves,
Or o'er them his sarcastic thread
Oblivion's insect weaves ;

Though weeds are tangled on the stream,
It still reflects my morning's beam.

And therefore love I such as smile
On these neglected songs,
Nor deem that flattery's needless wile
My opening bosom wrongs ;
For who would trample, at my side,
A few pale buds, my garden's pride ?

It may be that my scanty ore
Long years have wash'd away,
And where were golden sands before,
Is nought but common clay ;
Still something sparkles in the sun,
For Memory to look back upon.

And when my name no more is heard,
My lyre no more is known,
Still let me, like a winter's bird,
In silence and alone,
Fold over them the weary wing,
Once flashing through the dews of spring.

Yes, let my fancy fondly wrap
My youth in its decline,
And riot in the rosy lap
Of thoughts that once were mine,
And give the worm my little store,
When the last reader reads no more !

THE BUCKET.

BY S. WOODWORTH.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-cover'd bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-cover'd vessel I hail as a treasure,
For often at noon, when return'd from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing,
How quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-cover'd bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips;
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though fill'd with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,

As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
 And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well.
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-cover'd bucket which hangs in his well.

MORN AT SEA.

BY JAMES ALDRICH.

CLEARLY, with mental eye,
 Where the first slanted ray of sunlight springs,
 I see the morn with golden-fringed wings
 Up-pointed to the sky.

In youth's divinest glow,
 She stands upon a wandering cloud of dew,
 Whose skirts are sun-illumed with every hue
 Worn by GOD's covenant bow!

The child of light and air!
 O'er land or wave, where'er her pinions move,
 The shapes of earth are clothed in hues of love
 And truth, divinely fair.

Athwart this wide abyss,
 On homeward way impatiently I drift;
 O, might she bear me now where sweet flowers lift
 Their eyelids to her kiss!

Her smile hath overspread
 The heaven-reflecting sea, that evermore
 Is tolling solemn knells from shore to shore
 For its uncoffin'd dead.

Most like an angel-friend,
With noiseless footsteps, which no impress leave,
She comes in gentleness to those who grieve,
Bidding the long night end.

How joyfully will hail,
With re-enliven'd hearts, her presence fair,
The hapless shipwreck'd, patient in despair,
Watching a far-off sail.

Vain all affection's arts
To cheer the sick man through the night have been:
She to his casement goes, and, looking in,
Death's shadow thence departs.

How many, far from home,
Wearied, like me, beneath unfriendly skies,
And mourning o'er affection's broken ties,
Have pray'd for her to come!

Lone voyager on time's sea!
When my dull night of being shall be past,
O, may I waken to a morn, at last,
Welcome as this to me!

TO A SEA-SHELL.

BY AMELIA B. WELBY.

SHELL of the bright sea-waves !
What is it that we hear in thy sad moan ?
Is this unceasing music all thine own,
Lute of the ocean-caves !

Or, does some spirit dwell
In the deep windings of thy chamber dim,
Breathing for ever, in its mournful hymn,
Of ocean's anthem swell ?

Wert thou a murmurer long
In crystal palaces beneath the seas,
Ere, on the bright air, thou hadst heard the breeze
Pour its full tide of song ?

Another thing with thee—
Are there not gorgeous cities in the deep,
Buried with flashing gems that darkly sleep,
Hid by the mighty sea ?

And say, O lone sea-shell,
Are there not costly things, and sweet perfumes,
Scatter'd in waste o'er that sea-gulf of tombs ?
Hush thy low moan, and tell.

But yet, and more than all—
Has not each foaming wave in fury toss'd
O'er earth's most beautiful, the brave, the lost,
Like a dark funeral pall ?

'Tis vain—thou answerest not!
Thou hast no voice to whisper of the dead—
'Tis ours alone, with sighs, like odours shed,
To hold them unforget!

Thine is as sad a strain
As if the spirit in thy hidden cell
Pined to be with the many things that dwell
In the wild, restless main.

And yet, there is no sound
Upon the waters, whisper'd by the waves,
But seemeth like a wail from many graves,
Thrilling the air around.

The earth, O moaning shell!
The earth hath melodies more sweet than these,
The music-gush of rills, the hum of bees,
Heard in each blossom's bell.

Are not these tones of earth,
The rustling foliage with its shivering leaves,
Sweeter than sounds that e'en in moonlight eves
Upon the seas have birth?

Alas! thou still wilt moan—
Thou'rt like the heart that wastes itself in sighs,
E'en when amid bewildering melodies,
If parted from its own.

THE DROWNED MARINER.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

A MARINER sat on the shrouds one night,
The wind was piping free ;
Now bright, now dimm'd was the moonlight pale,
And the phosphor gleam'd in the wake of the whale,
As it flounder'd in the sea ;
The scud was flying athwart the sky,
The gathering winds went whistling by,
And the wave, as it tower'd, then fell in spray,
Look'd an emerald wall in the moonlight ray.

The mariner sway'd and rock'd on the mast,
But the tumult pleased him well :
Down the yawning wave his eye he cast,
And the monsters watch'd as they hurried past,
Or lightly rose and fell,—
For their broad, damp fins were under the tide,
And they lash'd as they pass'd the vessel's side,
And their filmy eyes, all huge and grim,
Glared fiercely up, and they glared at him.

Now freshens the gale, and the brave ship goes
Like an uncurb'd steed along ;
A sheet of flame is the spray she throws,
As her gallant bow the water ploughs,
But the ship is fleet and strong ;

The topsail is reef'd, and the sails are furl'd,
 And onward she sweeps o'er the watery world,
 And dippeth her spars in the surging flood ;
 But there cometh no chill to the mariner's blood.

Wildly she rocks, but he swingeth at ease,
 And holdeth by the shroud ;
 And as she careens to the crowding breeze,
 The gaping deep the mariner sees,
 And the surging heareth loud.
 Was that a face, looking up at him,
 With its pallid cheek, and its cold eyes dim ?
 Did it beckon him down ? Did it call his name ?
 Now rolleth the ship the way whence it came.

The mariner look'd, and he saw, with dread,
 A face he knew too well ;
 And the cold eyes glared, the eyes of the dead,
 And its long hair out on the wave was spread,—
 Was there a tale to tell ?
 The stout ship rock'd with a reeling speed,
 And the mariner groan'd, as well he need—
 For ever down, as she plunged on her side,
 The dead face gleam'd from the briny tide.

Bethink thee, mariner, well of the past :
 A voice calls loud for thee :
 There's a stifled prayer, the first, the last ;
 The plunging ship on her beams is cast,—
 O, where shall thy burial be ?
 Bethink thee of oaths, that were lightly spoken ;
 Bethink thee of vows, that were lightly broken ;
 Bethink thee of all that is dear to thee,
 For thou art alone on the raging sea ;

Alone in the dark, alone on the wave,
 To buffet the storm alone ;
To struggle aghast at thy watery grave,
To struggle, and feel there is none to save !
 God shield thee, helpless one !
The stout limbs yield, for their strength is past ;
The trembling hands on the deep are cast ;
The white brow gleams a moment more,
Then slowly sinks,—the struggle is o'er.

Down, down where the storm is hush'd to sleep,
 Where the sea its dirge shall swell ;
Where the amber-drops for thee shall weep,
And the rose-lipp'd shell its music keep ;
 There thou shalt slumber well.
The gem and the pearl lie heap'd at thy side ;
They fell from the neck of the beautiful bride,
From the strong man's hand, from the maiden's brow,
As they slowly sunk to the wave below.

A peopled home is the ocean-bed ;
 The mother and child are there :
The fervent youth and the hoary head,
The maid, with her floating locks outspread,
 The babe with its silken hair :
As the water moveth, they lightly sway,
And the tranquil lights on their features play :
And there is each cherish'd and beautiful form,
Away from decay, and away from the storm.

ITALY.

BY EDWARD C. PINKNEY.

Know'st thou the land which lovers ought to choose?
Like blessings there descend the sparkling dews;
In gleaming streams the crystal rivers run,
The purple vintage clusters in the sun;
Odours of flowers haunt the balmy breeze,
Rich fruits hang high upon the verdant trees;
And vivid blossoms gem the shady groves,
Where bright-plumed birds discourse their careless loves.
Beloved!—speed we from this sullen strand,
Until thy light feet press that green shore's yellow sand.

Look seaward thence, and nought shall meet thine eye
But fairy isles, like paintings on the sky;
And, flying fast and free before the gale,
The gaudy vessel with its glancing sail;
And waters glittering in the glare of noon,
Or touch'd with silver by the stars and moon,
Or fleck'd with broken lines of crimson light,
When the far fisher's fire affronts the night.
Lovely as loved! toward that smiling shore
Bear we our household gods, to fix for ever more.

It looks a dimple on the face of earth,
The seal of beauty, and the shrine of mirth;
Nature is delicate and graceful there,
The place's genius, feminine and fair;
The winds are awed, nor dare to breathe aloud;
The air seems never to have borne a cloud,

Save where volcanoes send to heaven their curl'd
 And solemn smokes, like altars of the world.
 Thrice beautiful!—to that delightful spot
 Carry our married hearts, and be all pain forgot.

There Art, too, shows, when Nature's beauty palls,
 Her sculptured marbles, and her pictured walls;
 And there are forms in which they both conspire
 To whisper themes that know not how to tire;
 The speaking ruins in that gentle clime
 Have but been hallow'd by the hand of Time,
 And each can mutely prompt some thought of flame;
 The meanest stone is not without a name.
 Then come, beloved!—hasten o'er the sea,
 To build our happy hearth in blooming Italy.

SPORT.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

To see a fellow of a summer's morning,
 With a large foxhound of a slumberous eye
 And a slim gun, go slowly lounging by,
 About to give the feather'd bipeds warning,
 That probably they may be shot hereafter,
 Excites in me a quiet kind of laughter;
 For, though I am no lover of the sport
 Of harmless murder, yet it is to me
 Almost the funniest thing on earth to see
 A corpulent person, breathing with a snort,
 Go on a shooting frolic all alone;
 For well I know that when he's out of town,
 He and his dog and gun will all lie down,
 And undestructive sleep till game and light are flown.

DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

BY WILLIS G. CLARK.

YOUNG mother, he is gone!
His dimpled cheek no more will touch thy breast;
No more the music-tone
Float from his lips, to thine all fondly press'd;
His smile and happy laugh are lost to thee:
Earth must his mother and his pillow be.

His was the morning hour,
And he hath pass'd in beauty from the day,
A bud, not yet a flower,
Torn, in its sweetness, from the parent spray;
The death-wind swept him to his soft repose,
As frost, in spring-time, blights the early rose.

Never on earth again
Will his rich accents charm thy listening ear,
Like some Æolian strain,
Breathing at eventide serene and clear;
His voice is choked in dust, and on his eyes
The unbroken seal of peace and silence lies.

And from thy yearning heart,
Whose inmost core was warm with love for him,
A gladness must depart,
And those kind eyes with many tears be dim;
While lonely memories, an unceasing train,
Will turn the raptures of the past to pain.

Yet, mourner, while the day
Rolls like the darkness of a funeral by,
And hope forbids one ray
To stream athwart the grief-discolour'd sky ;
There breaks upon thy sorrow's evening gloom
A trembling lustre from beyond the tomb.

'Tis from the better land !
There, bathed in radiance that around them springs,
Thy loved one's wings expand ;
As with the choiring cherubim he sings,
And all the glory of that God can see,
Who said, on earth, to children, " Come to me."

Mother, thy child is bless'd :
And though his presence may be lost to thee,
And vacant leave thy breast,
And miss'd, a sweet load from thy parent knee ;
Though tones familiar from thine ear have pass'd,
Thou'lt meet thy first-born with his Lord at last.

BRONX.

BY JOSEPH R. DRAKE.

I SAT me down upon a green bank-side,
Skirting the smooth edge of a gentle river,
Whose waters seem'd unwillingly to glide,
Like parting friends, who linger while they sever ;
Enforced to go, yet seeming still unready,
Backward they wind their way in many a wistful eddy.

Gray o'er my head the yellow-vested willow
Ruffled its hoary top in the fresh breezes,
Glancing in light, like spray on a green billow,
Or the fine frostwork which young winter freezes ;
When first his power in infant pastime trying,
Congeals sad autumn's tears on the dead branches lying.

From rocks around hung the loose ivy dangling,
And in the clefts sumach of liveliest green,
Bright ising-stars the little beech was spangling,
The gold-cup sorrel from his gauzy screen
Shone like a fairy crown, enchased and beaded,
Left on some morn, when light flash'd in their eyes unheeded.

The humbird shook his sun-touch'd wings around,
The bluefinch carol'd in the still retreat ;
The antic squirrel caper'd on the ground
Where lichens make a carpet for his feet ;
Through the transparent waves, the ruddy minkle
Shot up in glimmering sparks his red fin's tiny twinkle.

There were dark cedars, with loose, mossy tresses,
 White-powder'd dog trees, and stiff hollies flaunting
 Gaudy as rustics in their May-day dresses,
 Blue pelloret from purple leaves upslanting
 A modest gaze, like eyes of a young maiden
 Shining beneath dropp'd lids the evening of her wedding.

The breeze fresh springing from the lips of morn,
 Kissing the leaves, and sighing so to lose 'em,
 The winding of the merry locust's horn,
 The glad spring gushing from the rock's bare bosom :
 Sweet sights, sweet sounds, all sights, all sounds excelling,
 O ! 'twas a ravishing spot, form'd for a poet's dwelling.

And did I leave thy loveliness, to stand
 Again in the dull world of earthly blindness ?
 Pain'd with the pressure of unfriendly hands,
 Sick of smooth looks, agued with icy kindness ?
 Left I for this thy shades, where none intrude,
 To prison wandering thought and mar sweet solitude ?

Yet I will look upon thy face again,
 My own romantic Bronx, and it will be
 A face more pleasant than the face of men.
 Thy waves are old companions, I shall see
 A well-remember'd form in each old tree,
 And hear a voice long loved in thy wild minstrelsy.

MY NATIVE VILLAGE.

BY JOHN H. BRYANT.

THERE lies a village in a peaceful vale,
With sloping hills and waving woods around,
Fenced from the blasts. There never ruder gale
Bows the tall grass that covers all the ground ;
And planted shrubs are there, and cherish'd flowers,
And a bright verdure born of gentler showers.

'TWAS there my young existence was begun,
My earliest sports were on its flowery green,
And often, when my schoolboy task was done,
I climbed its hills to view the pleasant scene,
And stood and gazed till the sun's setting ray
Shone on the height—the sweetest of the day.

There, when that hour of mellow light was come,
And mountain shadows cool'd the ripen'd grain,
I watch'd the weary yeoman plodding home,
In the lone path that winds across the plain,
To rest his limbs, and watch his child at play,
And tell him o'er the labours of the day.

And when the woods put on their autumn glow,
And the bright sun came in among the trees,
And leaves were gathering in the glen below,
Swept softly from the mountains by the breeze,
I wander'd till the starlight on the stream
At length awoke me from my fairy dream.

Ah! happy days, too happy to return,
 Fled on the wings of youth's departed years,
 A bitter lesson has been mine to learn,
 The truth of life, its labours, pains, and fears;
 Yet does the memory of my boyhood stay,
 A twilight of the brightness pass'd away.

My thoughts steal back to that sweet village still;
 Its flowers and peaceful shades before me rise;
 The play-place and the prospect from the hill,
 Its summer verdure, and autumnal dyes;
 The present brings its storms; but, while they last,
 I shelter me in the delightful past.

THE FREE MIND.

BY W. L. GARRISON.

HIGH walls and huge the *body* may confine,
 And iron grates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,
 And massive bolts may baffle his design,
 And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways:
 Yet scorns the immortal *mind* this base control!
 No chains can bind it, and no cell enclose:
 Swifter than light, it flies from pole to pole,
 And in a flash from earth to heaven it goes!
 It leaps from mount to mount; from vale to vale
 It wanders, plucking honey'd fruits and flowers;
 It visits home, to hear the fireside tale,
 Or, in sweet converse, pass the joyous hours.
 'Tis up before the sun, roaming afar,
 And, in its watches, wearies every star!

THE HEALING OF THE DAUGHTER
OF JAIRUS.

BY NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

FRESHLY the cool breath of the coming eve
Stole through the lattice, and the dying girl
Felt it upon her forehead. She had lain
Since the hot noontide in a breathless trance,
Her thin pale fingers clasp'd within the hand
Of the heart-broken Ruler, and her breast,
Like the dead marble, white and motionless.
The shadow of a leaf lay on her lips,
And as it stirr'd with the awakening wind,
The dark lids lifted from her languid eyes,
And her slight fingers moved, and heavily!
She turn'd upon her pillow. He was there—
The same loved, tireless watcher, and she look'd
Into his face until her sight grew dim
With the fast-falling tears, and, with a sigh
Of tremulous weakness, murmuring his name,
She gently drew his hands upon her lips,
And kiss'd it as she wept. The old man sunk
Upon his knees, and in the drapery
Of the rich curtains buried up his face—
And when the twilight fell, the silken folds
Stirr'd with his prayer, but the slight hand he held
Had ceased its pressure, and he could not hear
In the dead, utter silence, that a breath
Came through her nostrils, and her temples gave
To his nice touch no pulse, and at her mouth
He held the lightest curl that on her neck

Lay with a mocking beauty, and his gaze
Ached with its deathly stillness.

It was night—

And softly o'er the Sea of Galilee
Danced the breeze-ridden ripples to the shore,
Tipp'd with the silver sparkles of the moon.
The breaking waves play'd low upon the beach
Their constant music, but the air beside
Was still as starlight, and the Saviour's voice,
In its rich cadences unearthly sweet,
Seem'd like some just-born harmony in the air,
Waked by the power of wisdom. On a rock,
With the broad moonlight falling on his brow,
He stood and taught the people. At his feet
Lay his small scrip, and pilgrim's scallop-shell,
And staff, for they had waited by the sea
Till he came o'er from Gadarene, and pray'd
For his wont teachings as he came to land.
His hair was parted meekly on his brow,
And the long curls from off his shoulders fell
As he lean'd forward earnestly, and still
The same calm cadence, passionless and deep,
And in his looks the same mild majesty,
And in his mien the sadness mix'd with power,
Fill'd them with love and wonder. Suddenly,
As on his words entrancedly they hung,
The crowd divided, and among them stood
Jairus the Ruler. With his flowing robe
Gather'd in haste about his loins, he came,
And fix'd his eyes on Jesus. Closer drew
The twelve disciples to their Master's side,
And silently the people shrunk away,
And left the haughty Ruler in the midst
Alone. A moment longer, on the face

Of the meek Nazarene he kept his gaze,
 And as the twelve look'd on him, by the light
 Of the clear moon they saw a glistening tear
 Steal to his silver beard, and drawing nigh
 Unto the Saviour's feet, he took the hem
 Of his coarse mantle, and with trembling hands
 Press'd it upon his lips, and murmur'd low,
 "*Master! my daughter!*"—

The same silvery light,

That shone upon the lone rock by the sea,
 Slept on the Ruler's lofty capitals
 As at the door he stood, and welcomed in
 Jesus and his disciples. All was still.
 The echoing vestibule gave back the slide
 Of their loose sandals, and the arrowy beam
 Of moonlight slanting to the marble floor
 Lay like a spell of silence in the rooms
 As Jairus led them on. With hushing steps
 He trod the winding stair, but ere he touch'd
 The latchet, from within a whisper came,
 "*Trouble the Master not—for she is dead!*"
 And his faint hand fell nerveless at his side,
 And his steps falter'd, and his broken voice
 Choked in its utterance;—But a gentle hand
 Was laid upon his arm, and in his ear
 The Saviour's voice sank thrillingly and low,
 "*She is not dead—but sleepeth.*"

They pass'd in.

The spice-lamps in the alabaster urns
 Burn'd dimly, and the white and fragrant smoke
 Curl'd indolently on the chamber walls.
 The silken curtains slumber'd in their folds—
 Not e'en a tassel stirring in the air—
 And as the Saviour stood beside the bed,

And pray'd inaudibly, the Ruler heard
 The quickening division of his breath
 As he grew earnest inwardly. There came
 A gradual brightness o'er his calm sad face,
 And drawing nearer to the bed, he moved
 The silken curtains silently apart
 And look'd upon the maiden.

Like a form

Of matchless sculpture in her sleep she lay—
 The linen vesture folded on her breast,
 And over it her white transparent hands,
 The blood still rosy in their tapering nails.
 A line of pearl ran through her parted lips,
 And in her nostrils, spiritually thin,
 The breathing curve was mockingly like life,
 And round beneath the faintly tinted skin
 Ran the light branches of the azure veins—
 And on her cheek the jet lash overlay
 Matching the arches pencil'd on her brow.
 Her hair had been unbound, and falling loose
 Upon her pillow, hid her small round ears
 In curls of glossy blackness, and about
 Her polish'd neck, scarce touching it, they hung
 Like airy shadows floating as they slept.
 'T was heavenly beautiful. The Saviour raised
 Her hand from off her bosom, and spread out
 The snowy fingers in his palm, and said
 "*Maiden! Arise!*"—and suddenly a flush
 Shot o'er her forehead, and along her lips
 And through her cheek the rallied colour ran,
 And the still outline of her graceful form
 Stirr'd in the linen vesture, and she clasp'd
 The Saviour's hand, and fixing her dark eyes
 Full on his beaming countenance—AROSE!

TO AN ELM.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

BRAVELY thy old arms fling
Their countless pennons to the fields of air,
And, like a sylvan king,
Their panoply of green still proudly wear.

As some rude tower of old,
Thy massive trunk still rears its rugged form,
With limbs of giant mould,
To battle sternly with the winter storm.

In Nature's mighty fane,
Thou art the noblest arch beneath the sky;
How long the pilgrim train
That with a benison have pass'd thee by!

Lone patriarch of the wood!
Like a true spirit thou dost freely rise,
Of fresh and dauntless mood,
Spreading thy branches to the open skies.

The locust knows thee well,
And when the summer-days his notes prolong,
Hid in some leafy cell,
Pours from thy world of green his drowsy song.

Oft, on a morn in spring,
The yellow-bird will seek thy waving spray,
And there securely swing,
To whet his beak, and pour his blithesome lay.

How bursts thy monarch wail,
When sleeps the pulse of Nature's buoyant life,
And, bared to meet the gale,
Wave thy old branches, eager for the strife!

The sunset often weaves
Upon thy crest a wreath of splendour rare,
While the fresh-murmuring leaves
Fill with cool sound the evening's sultry air.

Sacred thy roof of green
To rustic dance, and childhood's gambols free,
Gay youth and age serene
Turn with familiar gladness unto thee.

O, hither should we roam,
To hear Truth's herald in the lofty shade.
Beneath thy emerald dome
Might Freedom's champion fitly draw his blade.

With blessings at thy feet,
Falls the worn peasant to his noontide rest ;
Thy verdant, calm retreat
Inspires the sad and soothes the troubled breast.

When, at the twilight hour,
Plays through thy tressil crown the sun's last gleam,
Under thy ancient bower
The schoolboy comes to sport, the bard to dream.

And when the moonbeams fall
Through thy broad canopy upon the grass,
Making a fairy hall,
As o'er the sward the flitting shadows pass ;

Then lovers haste to thee,
With hearts that tremble like that shifting light,
To them, O, brave old tree,
Thou art joy's shrine—a temple of delight !

“LET THERE BE LIGHT.”

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

NIGHT, stern, eternal, and alone,
Girded with solemn silence round,
Majestic on his starless throne,
Sat brooding o'er the vast profound—
And there unbroken darkness lay,
Deeper than that which veils the tomb,
While circling ages wheel'd away
Unnoted mid the voiceless gloom.

Then moved upon the waveless deep
The quickening Spirit of the Lord,
And broken was its pulseless sleep
Before the Everlasting Word!
“Let there be light!” and listening earth,
With tree, and plant, and flowery sod,
“In the beginning” sprang to birth,
Obedient to the voice of God.

Then, in his burning track, the sun
Trode onward to his joyous noon,
And in the heavens, one by one,
Cluster'd the stars around the moon—
In glory bathed, the radiant day
Wore like a king his crown of light—
And, girdled by the “Milky Way,”
How queenly look'd the star-gemm'd night!

Bursting from choirs celestial, rang
 Triumphantly the notes of song ;
 The morning stars together sang
 In concert with the heavenly throng ;
 And earth, enraptured, caught the strain
 That thrill'd along her fields of air,
 Till every mountain-top and plain
 Flung back an answering echo there !

Creator ! let thy Spirit shine
 The darkness of our souls within,
 And lead us by thy grace divine
 From the forbidden paths of sin ;
 And may that voice which bade the earth
 From Chaos and the realms of Night,
 From doubt and darkness call us forth
 To God's own liberty and light !

Thus, made partakers of Thy love,
 The baptism of the Spirit ours,
 Our grateful hearts shall rise above,
 Renew'd in purposes and powers ;
 And songs of joy again shall ring
 Triumphant through the arch of heaven—
 The glorious songs which angels sing,
 Exulting over souls forgiven !

A NAME IN THE SAND.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

ALONE I walk'd the ocean strand ;
A pearly shell was in my hand :
I stoop'd and wrote upon the sand
 My name—the year—the day.
As onward from the spot I pass'd,
One lingering look behind I cast :
A wave came rolling high and fast,
 And wash'd my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth from me ;
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
 Will sweep across the place,
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and been to be no more,
Of me—my day—the name I bore,
 To leave nor track nor trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in his hands,
I know the lasting record stands,
 Inscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part has wrought ;
Of all this thinking soul has thought ;
And from these fleeting moments caught
 For glory, or for shame.

TO NIAGARA.

BY MARIA BROOKS.

SPIRIT of Homer! thou whose song has rung
From thine own Greece to this supreme abode
Of Nature—this great fane of Nature's God;
Breathe on my brain! O, touch the fervid tongue
Of a fond votaress kneeling on the sod!

Sublime and Beautiful! your chapel's here—
Here, 'neath the azure dome of heaven, ye're wed;
Here, on this rock, which trembles as I tread,
Your blended sorcery claims both pulse and tear,
Controls life's source and reigns o'er heart and head.

Terrific, but, O beautiful abyss!
If I should trust my fascinated eye,
Or hearken to thy maddening melody,
Sense, form, would spring to meet thy white foam's kiss
Be lapped in thy soft rainbows once, and die!

Colour, depth, height, extension—all unite
To chain the spirit by a look intense!
The dolphin in his clearest seas, or thence
Ta'en, for some queen, to deck of ivory white,
Dies not in changeeful tints more delicately bright.

Look, look! there comes, o'er yon pale green expanse,
Beyond the curtain of this altar vast,
A glad young swan; the smiling beams that cast
Light from her plumes, have lured her soft advance;
She nears the fatal brink: her graceful life has past!

Look up! nor her fond, foolish fate disdain:
 An eagle rests upon the wind's sweet breath;
 Feels he the charm? woos he the scene beneath?
 He eyes the sun; nerves his dark wing again;
 Remembers clouds and storms, yet flies the lovely death.

"Niagara! wonder of this western world,
 And half the world beside! hail, beauteous queen
 Of cataracts!"—an angel, who had been
 O'er heaven and earth, spoke thus, his bright wings furled,
 And knelt to nature first, on this wild cliff unseen.

L A B O U R .

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

PAUSE not to dream of the future before us:
 Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us
 Hark, how creation's deep, musical chorus,
 Unintermitting, goes up into heaven!
 Never the ocean wave falters in flowing;
 Never the little seed stops in its growing;
 More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
 Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labour is worship!"—the robin is singing:
 "Labour is worship!"—the wild bee is ringing:
 Listen! that eloquent whisper, upspringing,
 Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's great heart.
 From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
 From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower;
 From the small insect, the rich coral bower;
 Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

Labour is life!—'Tis the still water faileth ;
 Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth ;
 Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth !

Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.

Labour is glory!—the flying cloud lightens ;
 Only the waving wing changes and brightens ;
 Idle hearts only the dark future frightens :

Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune.

Labour is rest—from the sorrows that greet us ;
 Rest from all petty vexations that meet us ;
 Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us ;

Rest from world-syrens that lure us to ill.

Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow ;
 Work—thou shalt ride over care's coming billow ;
 Lie not down wearied 'neath Wo's weeping willow !

Work with a stout heart and resolute will !

Droop not though shame, sin and anguish are round thee !
 Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee !
 Look to yon pure heaven, smiling beyond thee !

Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod !

Work—for some good,—be it ever so slowly !
 Cherish some flower,—be it ever so lowly !
 Labour ! All labour is noble and holy ;

Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God !

STRENGTH FROM THE HILLS.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

Come up unto the hills—thy strength is there.
O, thou hast tarried long,
Too long amid the flowers and blossoms fair,
With notes of summer song.
Why dost thou tarry there? what though the bird
Pipes matin in the vale—
The plough-boy whistles to the loitering herd,
As the red daylights fail—

Yet come unto the hills, the old strong hills,
And leave the stagnant plain ;
Come to the gushing of the new-born rills,
As sing they to the main ;
And thou with denizens of power shalt dwell,
Beyond demeaning care ;
Composed upon his rock, 'mid storm and fell,
The eagle shall be there.

Come up unto the hills ; the shattered tree
Still clings unto the rock,
And flingeth out his branches wild and free,
To dare again the shock.
Come where no fear is known : the sea-bird's nest
On the old hemlock swings,
And thou shalt taste the gladness of unrest,
And mount upon thy wings.

Come up unto the hills. The men of old,
They of undaunted wills,
Grew jubilant of heart, and strong, and bold,
On the enduring hills—
Where came the soundings of the sea afar,
Borne upward to the ear,
And nearer grew the moon, and midnight star
And God himself more near.

THE STRANGER ON THE SILL.

BY T. B. READ.

BETWEEN broad fields of wheat and corn
Is the lowly home where I was born ;
The peach-tree leans against the wall,
And the woodbine wanders over all ;
There is the shaded doorway still,
But a stranger's foot has crossed the sill.

There is the barn—and, as of yore,
I can smell the hay from the open door,
And see the busy swallow's throng,
And hear the peewee's mournful song ;
But the stranger comes—O painful proof !—
His sheaves are piled to the heated roof.

There is the orchard—the very trees
Where my childhood knew long hours of ease,
And watched the shadowy moments run,
Till my life imbibed more shade than sun :
The swing from the bough still sweeps the air,
But the stranger's children are swinging there.

There bubbles the shady spring below,
With its bulrush brook where the hazels grow ;
'T was there I found the calamus root,
And watched the minnows poise and shoot,
And heard the robin lave his wing,
But the stranger's bucket is at the spring.

O ye who daily cross the sill,
Step lightly, for I love it still ;
And when you crowd the old barn eaves,
Then think what countless harvest sheaves
Have passed within that scented door
To gladden eyes that are no more.

Deal kindly with those orchard trees ;
And when your children crowd their knees,
Their sweetest fruit they shall impart,
As if old memories stirred their heart :
To youthful sport still leave the swing,
And in sweet reverence hold the spring.

The barn, the trees, the brook, the birds,
The meadows with their lowing herds,
The woodbine on the cottage wall—
My heart still lingers with them all.
Ye strangers on my native sill,
Step lightly, for I love it still.

THE WASTED FOUNTAINS.

BY A. C. LYNCH.

"And their nobles have sent their little ones to the waters; they came to the pits and found no water; they returned with their vessels empty."—JER. xiv. 3.

WHEN the youthful fever of the soul
Is awakened in thee first,
And thou goest like Judah's children forth
To slake the burning thirst;

And when dry and wasted, like the springs
Sought by that little band,
Before thee in their emptiness
Life's broken cisterns stand;

When the golden fruits that tempted
Turn to ashes on the taste,
And thine early visions fade and pass
Like the mirage of the waste;

When faith darkens and hopes vanish
In the shade of coming years,
And the urn thou bearest is empty,
Or o'erflowing with thy tears;

Though the transient springs have failed thee.
Though the founts of youth are dried,
Wilt thou among the mouldering stones
In weariness abide?

Wilt thou sit among the ruins,
With all words of cheer unspoken,
Till the silver cord is loosened,
Till the golden bowl is broken ?

Up and onward ! toward the east
Green oases thou shalt find—
Streams that rise from higher sources
Than the pools thou leavest behind.

Life has import more inspiring
Than the fancies of thy youth ;
It has hopes as high as heaven ;
It has labour, it has truth ;

It has wrongs that may be righted,
Noble deeds that may be done,
Its great battles are unfought,
Its great triumphs are unwon.

There is rising from its troubled deeps
A low, unceasing moan ;
There are aching, there are breaking
Other hearts beside thine own.

From strong limbs that should be chainless,
There are fetters to unbind ;
There are words to raise the fallen ;
There is light to give the blind ;

There are crushed and broken spirits
That electric thoughts may thrill ;
Lofty dreams to be embodied
By the might of one strong will.

There are God and peace above thee ;
Wilt thou languish in despair ?
Tread thy griefs beneath thy feet,
Scale the walls of heaven by prayer.

THE HERITAGE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft, white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce might wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares ;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft, white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare ;
With sated heart he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy chair ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart.
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit ;
King of two hands, he does his part,
In every useful toil and art ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-won merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labour sings ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?
A patience learn'd by being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O, rich man's son ! there is a toil,
That with all others level stands ;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft, white hands,—
This is the best crop from thy lands ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O, poor man's son, scorn not thy state ;
 There is worse weariness than thine,
 In merely being rich and great ;
 Toil only gives the soul to shine,
 And makes rest fragrant and benign ;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
 Are equal in the earth at last ;
 Both, children of the same dear God,
 Prove title to your heirship vast
 By record of a well-filled past ;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 Well worth a life to hold in fee.

 THE AXE OF THE SETTLER.

BY M. E. HEWITT.

THOU conqueror of the wilderness,
 With keen and bloodless edge—
 Hail ! to the sturdy artisan
 Who welded thee, bold wedge !
 Though the warrior deem the weapon
 Fashioned only for the slave,
 Yet the settler knows thee mightier
 Than the tried Damascus glaive.

While desolation marketh
 The course of foeman's brand,
 Thy strong blow scatters plenty
 And gladness through the land :

Thou opest the soil to culture,
To the sunlight and the dew ;
And the village spire thou plantest
Where of old the forest grew.

When the broad sea rolled between them
And their own far native land,
Thou wert the faithful ally
Of the hardy pilgrim band.
They bore no warlike eagles,
No banners swept the sky ;
Nor the clarion, like a tempest,
Swelled its fearful notes on high.

But the ringing wild re-echoed
Thy bold, resistless stroke,
Where, like incense on the morning,
Went up the cabin smoke :
The tall oaks bowed before thee,
Like reeds before the blast ;
And the earth put forth in gladness
Where the axe in triumph passed.

Then hail ! thou noble conqueror,
That, when tyranny oppressed,
Hewed for our fathers from the wild
A land wherein to rest :
Hail, to the power that giveth
The bounty of the soil,
And freedom, and an honored name,
To the hardy sons of toil !

THE HAUNTED PALACE.

BY E. A. POE.

In the greenest of our valleys,
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace
(Snow-white palace) reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion
It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.

Banners, yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow ;
(This, all this, was in the olden
Time, long ago.)
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A winged odour went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley
Through two luminous windows saw
Spirits moving musically,
To a lute's well-tuned law ;
Round about a throne, where, sitting
(Porphyrogene) !
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace-door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things in robes of sorrow,
Assail'd the monarch's high estate ;
(Ah ! let us mourn, for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him, desolate !)
And round about his home the glory
That blush'd and bloom'd,
Is but a dim-remember'd story
Of the old time entomb'd.

And travellers now within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms, that move fantastically
To a discordant melody ;
While, like a rapid, ghastly river,
Through the pale door,
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh—but smile no more.

ON A BUST OF DANTE.

BY T. W. PARSONS.

SEE, from this counterfeit of him
Whom Arno shall remember long,
How stern of lineament, how grim
The father was of Tuscan song.
There but the burning sense of wrong,
Perpetual care and scorn abide ;
Small friendship for the lordly throng ;
Distrust of all the world beside.

Faithful if this wan image be,
No dream his life was—but a fight ;
Could any Beatrice see
A lover in that anchorite ?
To that cold Ghibeline's gloomy sight
Who could have guess'd the visions came
Of beauty, veil'd with heavenly light,
In circles of eternal flame ?

The lips, as Cumae's cavern close,
The cheeks, with fast and sorrow thin,
The rigid front, almost morose,
But for the patient hope within,
Declare a life whose course hath been
Unsullied still, though still severe,
Which, through the wavering days of sin,
Keeps itself icy-chaste and clear.

Not wholly such his haggard look
 When wandering once, forlorn, he stray'd,
 With no companion save his book,
 To Corvo's hush'd monastic shade ;
 Where, as the Benedictine laid
 His palm upon the pilgrim guest,
 The single boon for which he pray'd
 The convent's charity was rest.*

Peace dwells not here—this rugged face
 Betrays no spirit of repose ;
 The sullen warrior sole we trace,
 The marble man of many woes.
 Such was his mien when first arose
 The thought of that strange tale divine,
 When hell he peopled with his foes,
 The scourge of many a guilty line.

War to the last he waged with all
 The tyrant canker-worms of earth ;
 Baron and duke, in hold and hall,
 Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth ;
 He used Rome's harlot for his mirth ;
 Pluck'd bare hypocrisy and crime ;
 But valiant souls of knightly worth
 Transmitted to the rolls of Time.

O Time ! whose verdicts mock our own,
 The only righteous judge art thou ;
 That poor, old exile, sad and lone,
 Is Latium's other Virgil now :

* It is told of DANTE that when he was roaming over Italy, he came to a certain monastery, where he was met by one of the friars, who blessed him and asked what was his desire—to which the weary stranger simply answered, "*Pace.*"

Before his name the nations bow :
 His words are parcel of mankind,
 Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow,
 The marks have sunk of Dante's mind.

ODE TO SHELLEY.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

WHY art thou dead? Upon the hills once more
 The golden mist of waning Autumn lies ;
 The slow-pulsed billows wash along the shore,
 And phantom isles are floating in the skies.
 They wait for thee : a spirit in the sand
 Hushes, expectant, for thy lingering tread ;
 The light wind pants to lift thy trembling hair ;
 Inward the silent land
 Lies with its mournful woods—why art thou dead,
 When Earth demands that thou shalt call her fair ?

Why art thou dead? O glorious Child of Song,
 Whose brother-spirit ever dwells with mine,
 Feeling, twin-doomed, the burning hate of Wrong,
 And Beauty's worship, deathless and divine !
 Thou art afar—wilt thou not soon return,
 To tell me that which thou hast never told ?
 To grasp my throbbing hand, and by the shore,
 Or dewy mountain-fern,
 Pour out thy heart as to a friend of old,
 Tearful with twilight sorrow? Nevermore.

Why art thou dead? My years are full of pain—
 The pain sublime of thought that has no word :
 And Truth and Beauty sing within my brain
 Diviner songs than men have ever heard.
 Wert thou but here, thine eye might read the strife—
 The solemn burthen of immortal song—
 And hear the music, that can find no lyre ;
 For thou hast known a life,
 Lonely, amid the Poets' mountain-throng—
 Whose cloudy snows concealed eternal fire !

I could have told thee all the sylvan joy
 Of trackless woods : the meadows, far apart,
 Within whose fragrant grass, a lonely boy,
 I thought of God ; the trumpet at my heart,
 When on bleak mountains roar'd the midnight storm
 And I was bathed in lightning, broad and grand :
 O, more than all, with low and sacred breath
 And forehead flushing warm,
 I would have led thee through the Summer land
 Of my young love, and past my dreams of Death !

In thee, immortal Brother, had I found
 That voice of Earth for which my spirit pines ;
 The awful speech of Rome's sepulchral ground,
 The dusky hymn of Vallambrosa's pines !
 From thee the noise of ocean would have taken
 A grand defiance round the moveless shores,
 And vocal grown the mountain's silent head.
 Canst thou not still awaken
 Beneath the funeral cypress? Earth implores
 Thy presence for her son—why art thou dead ?

I do but rave—for it is better thus :
 Were once thy starry heart reveal'd to mine,
 In the twin-life which would encircle us,
 My soul would melt, my voice be lost in thine !
 Better to mask the agony of thought
 Which through weak human lips would make its way,
 'Neath lone endurance, such as men must learn :
 The Poet's soul is fraught
 With mightiest speech, when loneliest the day ;
 And fires are brightest that in midnight burn.

DEBORAH'S TRIUMPH.

FROM JUDGES, IV. AND V.

BY H. F. GOULD.

SHE is fair as the morn ! and superb doth she stand,
 As the palm where she dwells 'mid the trees of the land ;
 With a fervour divine is her young spirit warm,
 Giving aspect sublime to her slight, woman's form ;
 While, inspired and prophetic, a light from on high—
 'Tis the day-star of Israel !—beams through her eye.

For her mind with the power doth Jehovah invest
 To adjudge, for himself, his own people oppressed :
 And, his angel of mercy, commissioned is she
 From the Gentile his backslidden children to free ;
 Not by might, nor by valour—by ruse, nor by skill,
 But in being to man as the voice of his will.

Now, the captain of Israel, blenching, appall'd
 At the Canaanite hosts, to her presence is call'd :

And the chief in his armour, leans, mute, on his spear,
 Of her counsel the clear-sounding accents to hear ;
 While her words to his soul come as sunbeams in power,
 And in sweetness like drops from the cell of the flower.*

“ Doth the Lord God of Israel not to thee say,
 Thou shalt draw out for battle thy men, and away,
 By Mount Tabor the captain of Jabin to meet,
 With his phalanxes, war-steeds, and chariots fleet?
 And that he, by the cold-flowing Kishon, will bring
 To thy hand the whole host of the Canaanite king ?

“ Doth he say it, and call thee ? and shall it not be
 That the foes of our God will be given to thee ?
 With the sword of Omnipotence pledged for thine aid,
 And his arm strengthening thine, wilt thou still be afraid ?
 O, doth Barak—dost thou, Abinoam's brave son,
 Not believe what the Lord hath declared shall be done ?”

“ I will go, if wilt *thou* ; but if not,” saith the chief,
 “ I remain !” for there's still at his heart unbelief.
 “ Yea, I go, then,” saith Deborah, “ yet, wilt thou see,
 From the journey thou takest no honour for thee :
 For ‘ the Lord will sell Sisera into the hand
 Of a woman !’ But up ! and obey his command.”

He retires.—He hath gathered his army and staff,
 Who shall sweep off the foe as the wind sweepeth chaff :
 For the breath of the Spirit before them will go ;
 And the mighty must vanish, if on them it blow.
 With the Prophetess-Judge for their guidance and light,
 Do they wind up their way to the hoar mountain height.

* The name ‘ Deborah ’ signifies a *bee*.

By the river, below them, is Sisera shown
 With his ranks vast and serried, like grass to be mown ;
 And, the moment announced, on their God do they call ;
 Then, adown on the foe, as a lightning-bolt, fall,*
 Where the whole Gentile hosts that o'erspread the green
 vale,
 Must in this day of wrath be laid powerless and pale.

Yet, the scene—with its horrors ! what eye can survey,
 When an army like this in their sins melt away ?
 From the field strewed with death, the wild fugitives rush,
 To the stream where the billows leap up with a blush,
 Or emit their red foam, heaving high o'er their bank,
 From the carnage they take, and the blood they have drank.

But the chief, where went he ?—where did Sisera fleet,
 Who, alone left alive, “ fled away on his feet ?”
 To the plain, Zaanaim : in terror he went,
 Like a partridge ensnared, into Heber's cool tent ;
 Where the wife of the Kenite hath driven the blow—
 By “ the hand of a woman” his head is laid low.

Hark ! the notes of thanksgiving in anthem arise,
 Swelling clear, on the breeze, and ascend to the skies.
 It is Deborah, singing with Barak a song
 Which the saints in all ages shall catch and prolong ;
 Of the power, love, and justice of Israel's God,
 Who hath chastened his children, and broken the rod !

* Barak signifies *lightning*.

MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Yes, the year is growing old,
And his eye is pale and blear'd!
Death, with frosty hand and cold,
Plucks the old man by the beard,
Sorely,—sorely!

The leaves are falling, falling,
Solemnly and slow;
Caw! caw! the rooks are calling,
It is a sound of woe,
A sound of woe!

Through woods and mountain-passes
The winds, like anthems, roll;
They are chanting solemn masses,
Singing; Pray for this poor soul,
Pray,—pray!

The hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain,
And patter their doleful prayers;—
But their prayers are all in vain,
All in vain!

There he stands, in the foul weather,
The foolish, fond Old Year,
Crown'd with wild flowers and with heather,
Like weak, despised Lear,
A king,—a king!

Then comes the summer-like day,
Bids the old man rejoice!
His joy! his last! O, the old man gray
Loveth her ever-soft voice,
Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith,
And the voice gentle and low
Of the soft air, like a daughter's breath,
Pray do not mock me so!
Do not laugh at me!

And now the sweet day is dead;
Cold in his arms it lies,
No stain from its breath is spread
Over the glassy skies,
No mist nor stain!

Then, too, the Old Year dieth,
And the forests utter a moan,
Like the voice of one who crieth
In the wilderness alone,
Vex not his ghost!

Then comes, with an awful roar,
Gathering and sounding on,
The storm-wind from Labrador,
The wind Euroclydon,
The storm-wind!

Howl! howl! and from the forest
Sweep the red leaves away!
Would, the sins that thou abhorrest,
O soul, could thus decay,
And be swept away!

For there shall come a mightier blast,
There shall be a darker day ;
And the stars, from heaven down-cast,
Like red leaves be swept away !
Kyrie Eleyson !
Christe Eleyson !

THE END.

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